The Nation

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Summary of the News

The British offensive on the western front has been pushed with unexpected vigor. By Wednesday of last week the whole first system of the German defence along a front of about eight miles had been captured and a footing obtained in Mametz and Trones Wood. The following day the whole of Mametz Wood was in British occupation and further advance had been made in Trones Wood. The official announcement of July 14 reported the capture of the second line of defensive positions along a front of four miles, which included the villages of Bazentin-le-grand, Bazentin-le-petit, and Longueval, and all of Trones Wood. The attack was carried into the third line at Foureaux Wood, part of which was held for a time by an advanced detachment to cover the consolidation of the new positions. An interesting feature of last week's operations was the reappearance of cavalry, which were used by the British, for the first time on the western front since the autumn of 1914, to break up new defensive formations of the enemy. The net result of the offensive, since its start on July 1, is a gain of some four miles in depth along a front of about seven miles. At the point of juncture of the French and British forces, the Allies are within about a mile of Combles, which, at the beginning of the offensive, was the German headquarters for this section of the front. The total number of prisoners taken by the British during the first two weeks of the month is given as 10,000.

On the eastern front there was, comparatively speaking, a lull in the fighting until Sunday, when General von Linsingen's forces, southwest of Lutz, were compelled to retire behind the Lipa River. Teutonic prisoners taken in this battle numbered some 13,000, and the booty included thirty guns. On the same day General Kuropatkin seems to have taken the offensive against von Hindenburg on the Dvina River. Important progress has been made in the Caucasus. There the army of Grand Duke Nicholas last week resumed the offensive. The capture of Mamachatum, fifty miles west of Erzerum, was recorded in the bulletin of July 12 and that of Baiburt in Sunday's announcement. On the Italian front slow but steady progress has been reported. The situation at Verdun has remained virtually unchanged.

Two interesting reports in connection with the general Allied offensive may be noted. Dispatches from London of July 14 connected a meeting of the Russian Council of Ministers at imperial field headquarters with the possible offering of separate terms of peace to Austria. Dispatches of Sunday's date announced that the Portuguese Government had a fully equipped army in readiness to send to the western front whenever it was called upon.

The sinking by an Austrian cruiser in the Adriatic of four or five British patrol boats was announced from Vienna on July 11.

A German submarine on the night of July 11 emulated the exploits of its larger colleagues by shelling the small and undefended British port of Seaham Harbor. It succeeded in killing one woman.

Dispatches from Washington of July 13 stated that information had reached the British Embassy through an unofficial but "credible" channel that the German Dreadnoughts Kaiser and Kronprinz were sunk in the naval battle off Jutland on May 31.

A conference on equipment of representatives of the Allies was held in London on July 13. Considerable significance has been attached to the speech of Mr. Lloyd George, presiding at the conference, in which he said: "We have crossed the watershed and now victory is beginning to flow in our direction."

Dispatches from Rome on Sunday stated, on the authority of the *Giornale d' Italia*, that the agreement between Italy and Germany providing for the mutual respect by the two nations of the rights of each other's subjects had been denounced by the Italian Government.

The agitation in favor of unrestricted submarine warfare continues in the German press, notably in that section which expresses the views of the Extreme Right. Correspondents bring into connection with this agitation the conference of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg with political leaders of the Reichstag, which was to take place on Monday. Meanwhile considerable interest has been aroused in the German National Committee recently organized under the presidency of Prince von Wedel, an intimate of the Kaiser, for the purpose of preparing the minds of the German people for "an honorable peace." Presumably the arrest of the well-known Socialist, Rosa Luxemburg, which was announced in dispatches from Amsterdam of July 13, may have been made on account of her advocacy of a peace not regarded as "honorable."

Dispatches from London of July 15 reported the surrender to the revolting Arabs at Mecca of the Turkish forts which had continued to hold out since the proclamation of Arabian independence on June 13. Previous dispatches last week, in announcing the capture of the town of Kinfuda, asserted that the revolt had spread rapidly, and that the Grand Sharif and his sons had large forces and an ample supply of guns and ammunition.

The nomination of John Hessin Clarke, of Cleveland, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Hughes, was sent by the President to the Senate on July 14.

The status of the German submarine Deutschland as an unarmed merchant vessel was officially announced in a ruling by a State Department on Saturday of last week.

The revolt of disillusioned Progressives against being inducted tamely back into the Republican fold came to a head on Saturday, when John M. Parker, Vice-Presidential nominee of the Progressive Convention, issued a summons to "the patriotic men and women of America," calling upon them to meet in convention in Chicago on August 5 for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President.

Negotiations between Acting Secretary of State Polk and Ambassador-designate Arredondo have proceeded so satisfactorily that the appointment of an international commission to deal with the difficulties that have arisen between the United States and Mexico, though not actually announced as we write, seems now virtually assured. Dispatches from Mexico City on Sunday, stating that it had been officially announced that all differences might be considered as satisfactorily settled, were doubtless premature, but seem accurately to express the view of the general public both in Mexico and in the United States. Welcome evidence of the betterment of relations was the announcement on July 13 that the ban had been lifted on the shipment of food and clothing into Mexico.

The Irish situation, which one thought had cleared with the acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's suggested proposals, was again somewhat obscured last week by a passage at arms between Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Redmond. In the House of Lords on July 11 Lord Lansdowne outlined a scheme for the provisional government of Ireland when martial law shall have been abolished and before the new Government can be established. The scheme savoring in Mr. Redmond's view of coercion, he issued a statement on the following day, charging Lord Lansdowne with a deliberate attempt to wreck the negotiations for settlement. Lord Lansdowne in turn replied that his speech was made with the knowledge and approval of the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet, to which Mr. Redmond retorted with a demand for the prompt production of the new Irish bill. Mr. Asquith announced on Monday that the bill was to be introduced before the adjournment of Parliament, but meanwhile the delay seems to be allowing opposition to the project to crystallize.

As a consequence of the general strike on all branches of the Northern Railway system in Spain and of its spread not only to other railways, but to various industries, martial law was proclaimed throughout Spain on July 13. Dispatches on Sunday announced that measures had been agreed on for submitting the strike to arbitration.

The rate of discount of the Bank of England was on July 13 raised from 5 to 6 per cent.

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The Week

Mr. Wilson does well to renew his conferences with the newspaper men in Washington. At the outset of his Administration he was very cordial to them; the Washington correspondents, so he assured them, were to be his most valuable allies in ascertaining public opinion. By their opportunities for knowing of home affairs, he would profit. For a time things went smoothly. Then the correspondents began to suffer from the change that transformed the Wilson who as Governor of New Jersey sat with open door accessible to every citizen, into Wilson the most secluded and inaccessible President the capital had ever seen. Soon the newspaper conferences became irregular; next, one subject after another was taboo, and not to be touched upon by anybody's question. The President was plainly less and less at ease, and then, about a year ago, the meetings ceased. Thereafter, only occasionally did a correspondent reach the holy of holies. Just how much will come of the new plan depends, of course, on the President's attitude and the extent to which he is disposed to be frank and to take the newspaper men into his confidence. Half-satisfactory meetings will, however, be better than none. The American people will never, in the long run, approve of a policy of seclusion by a high executive, either in a State or in the nation.

In his letter to a Philadelphia magazine editor, President Wilson betrayed a certain disappointment that he was not receiving more numerous pledges of support from former Progressives. He declared, and it is true, that as leader of the Democratic party he had sought to deserve the approval of "all progressive, forward-looking men." It will not be forgotten that Mr. Wilson gave up a large part of his inaugural address to an eloquent and moving statement of the aims and hopes which the sincere Progressives had cherished, and called upon them and "all who love justice and progress" to support him in the work for their cause which he was about to undertake. And to that appeal of his in March of 1913 the President got a hearty response. The *Outlook*, for example, welcomed his acceptance of many of the positions of the Progressive party, and promised to stand by him in his efforts to carry them out. Nor can it be denied that the record of Democratic legislation at Washington contains many items which were borrowed, as it were, from the Progressive programme. Labor laws, in particular, may be mentioned. By so much the President was justified in saying that the Democratic party could more readily than any other be made the instrument of the "progressive power and thought of the country."

It was, indeed, elementary tactics that President Wilson should, at the beginning of his term, set out to woo the Progressives. In no other way could he hope to strengthen the Democratic party sufficiently to retain power. This fact lay on the surface; the proof was almost mathematical. Wilson was a minority President. He had 6,000,000 votes; the Progressives and Republicans 4,000,000 each. It was useless to try to win over any number of Republican voters. The vote for Taft represented not only the irreducible minimum, but the rock-ribbed and the immovable. But the Progressives were, or were supposed to be, more fluid, more persuadable; and it was from their ranks, obviously, that the President must detach new adherents to build up his own party, if they were to be found anywhere. That he desired this and worked for it the evidence is ample. What is the reason of his admittedly small degree of success? Mr. Wilson addressed himself to them as if they were a band of convinced and earnest men and women with a single purpose. He appealed to them as if they were disinterested. He took their party as a real party. But, alas, it was never that. From the first, it was mainly a weapon of revenge, and a stepping-stone for one man's insatiate ambition. He was ready to use the Progressive party as a club, but when it broke in his hand, he was just as ready to throw the pieces away disdainfully. And with him were associated many politicians of a selfishness like his own. They were Progressives so long as there appeared a chance that the new party might win—and that they might obtain offices—but when that chance disappeared, they disappeared along with it, melting into the Republican mass again. From them and their kind President Wilson's appeals fell away, since there was nothing in them to respond. They were, in their pretentious way, only what Flannagan was in his brutal way, when he demanded in a Republican National Convention, "What are we here for except the offices?"

The passage of the great revenue bill by the House marked the beginning of a new political experiment—the attempt of a party to keep itself in power by largely increasing the tax-rate. If after doubling the income tax the Democrats are returned to office next autumn they may congratulate themselves on a remarkable, if not unprecedented, exploit. A number of Republicans voted with their adversaries, and there were some changes made, as, for instance, the striking out of the tax on bankers and the clause making members of Congress ineligible for service on the Tariff Commission. That once-abhorred, and now beloved, proposal of the President is, therefore, if he wishes it, to become the roosting-place of Congressional "lame-ducks," precisely as was the Panama Commission. In his speech in Detroit he regretted that he should have to make it a bi-partisan commission. That he will be compelled to choose men according to their labels is, he said, "going to be a very great blow to my spirit and a very great test of my judgment." Congress made his task the more difficult by cutting down the salaries. It also wisely prevented a "permanent appropriation" for what is only an experiment, and may easily prove to be as noxious and worthless as Mr. Wilson believed it would be when he denounced it so vigorously last December.

Hughes's successor also reaches the Supreme bench with but one step having intervened between private practice and the highest place in his profession. Two years ago, Judge Clarke was practicing law in Cleveland. He had never held public office, although he was the Democratic candidate against Hanna for the Senate in 1903. Since 1914 he has been Federal Judge of the Northern District of Ohio. Although a Democrat, he is not unlike the man he follows in his general political outlook, being chairman of the Short Ballot Committee in Ohio and having had the strong backing of his fellow-townsman, Secretary Baker, for his new place. His enlightened views are further shown by his occupancy of the vice-presidency of the Anti-Imperialist League for Ohio, while the esteem in which he is held locally is interestingly indicated by his having been president of the Perry's Victory Centennial Committee. Perhaps this last item in his career will be reassuring to persons who are sensitive upon the point of the fossilization of our courts. The White House calls attention to his progressive tendencies as if to challenge any who would find political significance in the appointment to make the most of it. Without accepting too literally the statement that the Judge is "probably the most gifted orator in Ohio," we may warmly commend his choice, even though it leaves the greatest State in the Union with no representative in the highest

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court of the land, and gives Ohio and Massachusetts two each.

The Republican, or, more accurately, the Hughes, Campaign Committee, is an interesting as it should be an effective combination, by virtue of both the names which appear in it and those which do not. A full third of the seventeen members not only are Progressives, but were chosen at Progressive headquarters—which means Oyster Bay. Almost another third are of the Old Guard, but here the omissions are more striking than the selections. There is nothing in the name of Estabrook or Warren, Martin or Perkins (of Washington), or even Hemenway, to cause uneasiness in the breast of the man in the street. Some Republicans are reported as shaking their heads over the omission of Crane. It is almost incredible that the blindest partisan can fail to see the shrewdness of refusing to provide so shining a mark as either Crane or Penrose would be to the enemy. Nor will the Republican prospects be imperilled by the lack of representation of Pennsylvania on the Committee. If the Keystone State is not safely Republican now, the campaign might as well be given up before it is begun. The selections are a practical illustration of the first item in Mr. Hughes's programme. In his telegram to Californians he called for a "reunited party." It is evident that by this phrase he does not mean an alliance or a coalition, but nothing less than the blending of Republicans and Progressives into a single body. His steps towards that end must be conceded to be both rapid and direct.

The Washington party, otherwise the Pennsylvania Progressives, died hard last week. Flinn's motion that no steps be taken towards organization of the State Committee was carried by the narrow margin of 23 to 21, after an hour of the acrimony that is characteristic of Progressive love-feasts. The motion to endorse Hughes originally carried with it an endorsement of the Progressive National Committee. The two things naturally rise or fall together, but the Pennsylvanians had to make a face as they drank the hemlock, and they made it at their national representatives by striking out the reference to the Committee and limiting their endorsement to the Republican nominee. Even so, a motion to table was lost by a single vote. After this valiant opposition, it is a little surprising to read that the endorsement of Hughes carried by a vote of two to one. The Committee then did the handsome thing by endorsing Roosevelt's declination of the Progressive nomination "for the good of the nation"—a tribute which has been accorded him in few other States. There had been rumors that Gifford Pinchot would be found among the last-ditchers, but the ex-Forester announced mournfully that the Washington party had been dead for a long time. All that could be done for it was to have the funeral. In the excitement of this ceremony, the Committee forgot to take action upon the State ticket, which it had been planned to drop. Nor, despite the cheeringly practical dictum of Flinn, that sentimental attachment to a very inspiring memory should not prevent them from seeing that the effective political future of the Washington party man lay with the Republican organization, could Pinchot all at once turn his back upon the glory and the dream. He became chairman of a committee, to be named by him, to form the Pennsylvania Progressive League, to serve the cause of good government.

Easing of the Mexican strain continues satisfactorily every day. Our troops are slowly being withdrawn from the territory of Mexico, as they should be, the embargo on shipments across the frontier (except of guns and ammunition) has been lifted, and agreement upon a joint commission to work out the whole question of border policy is confidently expected. But the main thing is the restoration of trust and good-will on both sides. This has apparently been accomplished, and the rest ought to be simple. We do not mean that the ending of Mexico's troubles will be easy, or that it is even remotely in sight. The work will be arduous and will be long. But it could not have been done at all with the two countries inflamed against each other. Now that the chief causes of animosity on either side have been removed, and a real endeavor to coöperate has begun, the outlook is brighter than for a long time. This must have its effect upon Villa, if he is still alive, or upon his bands, if he is dead. One evident object of their marauding raids was to seek to embroil Mexico and the United States. But with the possibility of that now so slight, the perilous business may be the more readily given up.

Summaries by the *South American* of Latin-American newspaper opinion upon our recent crisis with Mexico give the impression of considerable clearness of discernment below the Isthmus. In Argentina, *La Nación* declared that that country would protest if the United States were seeking territory, but it knew that we were not; *El Diario* condemned the action of the Mexican bandits; and *La Razón* remarked that the conflict was one that the United States would avoid on account of its difficulties, and because "it would mean a failure of the American ideal." Chilian papers are quoted as declaring that this country would exact nothing more than guarantees in respect to the safeguarding of the frontier. That a few felt more distrust, we know. But the tendency of their comment now is not hard to guess, and in guessing we may take the same comfort that John Barrett did in a speech last week at Montpelier. He pointed out that the whole future of Pan-American friendship would be affected by the outcome of the Mexican difficulty, and that if the United States could peaceably and amicably bring about a restoration of order in Mexico, the greatest step in history would be taken for the final solidarity of the nations of this hemisphere.

The decision of the navy experts that the Deutschland is a merchantman, and not readily convertible into a warship, settles the questions raised by the Allied Ambassadors. From now on her status is that of a blockade-runner subject to capture, and entitled to a warning shot if overhauled by an enemy ship. With this decision public sentiment is in accord. We believe, too, that the establishment of a weekly line of submarines will be most welcome in view of British interference with American mails. What right, for instance, has Great Britain to say that no German newspapers shall reach this country? What right has she to stop all American newspapers from circulating in Germany? In this matter we sympathize completely with the complaint of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. If the stopping of newspaper intercourse between Germany and the United States is a proper thing, it should have been begun in September, 1914. As a matter of fact, it is a bit of petty spite unworthy of the British nation, for, obviously, with English newspapers on sale in Holland and Germany, there are no military facts of value obtainable from our journals, while the stopping of newspapers is a genuine injury to business in both countries. What does the British Admiralty really hope to achieve by preventing Americans from reading German newspapers, or vice versa? Every time it does a foolish thing like this it simply by so much forfeits American sympathy.

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If the Allies were gaining no ground anywhere, they would still have every reason for encouragement as to their prospects. For on all sides there are signs of distress in Germany. Just now it is the extraordinary proposal of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that there be a truce, so that half the German armies may vote on the question whether things are going to their liking. A few days ago it was the announcement of the fifty meetings to be staged by the German National Peace Committee for the purpose of "making clear" Germany's aims in the peace to come. Every day brings news of greater economic stringency. The censor is permitting dispatches to leave Germany stating frankly that the German soldier is now underfed as compared with his adversaries. In the home press itself the debating of peace terms goes on unceasingly, one of the latest suggestions being that a new tariff wall against the present enemies be used as one of the German cards at the peace conference. All of this discussion of peace, together with this unrest, is bound steadily to increase in Germany, particularly in the light of such news as has come of the falling back of Gen. von Linsingen's army in Galicia to defensive positions behind the Lipa—some forty miles in the rear of the line the Germans held when the Russian drive began.

Stray intimations from Berlin that the political enemies of the Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, are scheming to replace him with Prince Bülow, are to a certain extent reinforced by the latter's recent publication of a book on "German Policies." This suggests that the former Chancellor may not have given up all idea of going back to public life. Such extracts from the volume as have been telegraphed show that the Prince is as resolved as the present Chancellor to render Germany's future secure. He does not speak explicitly of annexations, but only of making the country stronger on both fronts and "harder to be attacked." Notable in the book is Prince Bülow's frank confession that Germany must expect to find hatred of her running high even after the war. He predicts that this will be persistent and "bitter" among Germany's enemies, and does not shut his eyes to the fact that anti-German feeling will be pronounced even in those countries "with which Germany did not cross swords." With such neutral nations, German policy must be to restore friendly connections; while against the others there is nothing to do but heap up armaments. But what a commentary it is upon the pride and high hopes with which the German Government entered upon the war, that this veteran of German politics should now be telling his countrymen that their great problem is now to overcome "the enmities engendered by the conflict"!

Mr. Lloyd George's statement last week that Great Britain has now a free-flowing supply of all the guns and ammunition needed goes well with the steady offensive of the British armies. Lloyd George, in all the first year and a half of the war, never prophesied smooth things to his countrymen. He consistently warned them that they were in danger of failing, and repeatedly dwelt upon the fact that Germany was beating them in the explosive-factories and the gun-foundries as well as in the field. All the more credit, then, is to be given to his present assertion that the great problem of manufacturing for the war has been solved. His reference to the surprise which Russia had given the German General Staff by the unexpectedly full equipment of her armies, seems to bear out the hints we have had that England has sent much artillery and vast stores of shells through Archangel, and probably also by the Far Eastern route. It is true, as Lloyd George said, that the military initiative has now passed from Germany to the Allies. Even German newspapers speak to-day of German soldiers fighting with their back to the wall.

Only two months ago the report received wide currency that arrangements had been completed for extending relief operations to Poland under the same management as that at work in Belgium; but President Wilson's statement to a delegation of Poles from Chicago that the Government is "simply up against a stone wall in the matter" of this relief indicates a new deadlock on the subject between the German and British Governments. Mr. Wilson spoke of the "tragic conditions" in Poland. Even if Germany could be induced to agree to the admission of supplies from the British, and others, the prospects are for a period of fighting in which the railways and other lines of transportation will be largely closed to the shipping of foodstuffs to civilians. To what extent the Poles have remained in the occupied districts is not known. The President's assurances that the State Department is still bringing strong pressure to bear to break the deadlock encourages hope of an arrangement before winter.

Dispatches from London, stating that the British have taken Tanga, German East Africa's principal seaport and railway terminus of the north, indicate that the campaign against this last of the German colonies is proceeding successfully. As in the French-English wars of the eighteenth century, a great prize of the present war is far away from the scene of the heaviest fighting. Formerly it was North America's future which hung in the balance. Now it is Africa's. Togo, Kamerun, and German West Africa have already fallen. East Africa, which has been most stubbornly defended, is by far the most profitable of German colonies. The only completed transcontinental route connecting the Indian and Atlantic Oceans runs from the port of Dar-es-Salaam, via a German railway, to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, thence by steamer across the lake into Belgian territory, and thence, most of the way by boat, with a few rail interruptions to avoid rapids, down the Congo through the Atlantic. German East Africa also lies across the famous "Cape-to-Cairo route," which has come nearer completion with the construction of a branch line by the British from Lake Victoria around the upper rapids of the Nile. With German East Africa an English possession, the keys to all except Saharan and western Mediterranean Africa will be in English hands.

The many-sided history of the great war will have no more romantic chapter than that relating to the possible reëstablishment of a genuine Arabic religious dynasty by the true sons of the true prophet. It is reported that Rabigh, on the Red Sea, is lost to the Turk; that, while the garrisons of Taif and Medina hold out, there is little chance of their relief; and that the tribesmen as far north as the outskirts of Damascus are supporters of the Sharif of Mecca. The destruction of the Hedjaz railway has prevented the dispatch of Turkish forces into the peninsula from one quarter; these tribesmen will cut it off from another. That the British, established at one corner of the great Arabian triangle at Aden, at another at Suez, and well up towards the third at Basra and Koweit, will do all they can for the assistance of the Arabs, goes without saying. The religious allegiances on which the Sharif's followers base their revolt are centuries old; they must also resent the Turkish edicts for the suppression of the Arabic language. The ten million Arabs of the Turkish dominions are numerous enough to play a part in the war in Asia Minor, and to form an important national stock afterwards.

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INDEPENDENTS AND THE CAMPAIGN.

We have received a number of letters asking whom the *Nation* is going to "support" for the Presidency. Some of these inquiries are quizzical, some are petulant. But there need be no mystery about this. We are in the same boat with the great body of independent voters. They have not yet made up their minds what ballot they will cast next November; so why pretend that they have? The evidence is not yet all before us; and belief, or action, without sufficient evidence is the curse of American politics. If ever there was a Presidential campaign in which suspense of judgment was a duty —and an easy duty—it is that of the present year.

It is not a question of the personality of the candidates. In that respect the country is singularly fortunate this year. A veteran political observer was remarking the other day that he had never known anything like it. He could recall no Presidential contest in which it could not plausibly be alleged that one of the candidates was incompetent or else dangerous. That could be asserted by no impartial man of either President Wilson or Governor Hughes. Both are personally of Presidential size.

Behind the candidates stand their parties, but party names never meant so little to Americans as at present. The numbers who will vote the "straight" ticket, simply because it is labelled Republican or Democratic, must be less than ever before. The Progressive break-up is only symptomatic of the general obliterating of old party lines. The two platforms really raise no sharp issues. One might almost be substituted for the other. Both read as if written by men who held with the old English politician that it is "inconvenient to have opinions"—at least, to have opinions which cannot be altered in the course of the contest. Herein lies, in truth, the great reason why independents incline to wait until they know what the casting of their vote will really mean. For the campaign is yet to be defined. To-day it is confused. Everything will depend upon the course of events, and upon the way in which Mr. Hughes and President Wilson give us the watchwords of debate and the true leading of party.

With such great things still left contingent, it is impossible for a journal that wishes to maintain an independent judgment to pledge itself whole-heartedly, at this stage, to either candidate. Some newspapers are already finding how awkward it is to have promised "support" to a nominee whom they yet feel compelled to criticise, deprecatingly. The fact is that no man can predict the developments of the campaign. How the European war may enter into our politics, what turn the Mexican difficulty may take, and how it may affect the position of parties and of candidates, the wisest cannot foresee. Nor can one tell in advance what either Hughes or Wilson will do. We might, for example, feel very much drawn to Mr. Hughes, on account of his record, his character, his vigor, his advocacy of pure and intelligent administration, and other parts of his programme; but suppose we found him turning out a militarist and a swashbuckling Jingo, or wallowing again in the mire of high protection—could we refrain from speaking our mind freely about such matters? Similarly, if President Wilson were to mark his effort to be reëlected by further cool appropriation of Republican doctrines, or by abject yielding to politicians of the baser sort, or by catering to this or that "vote," or by inflaming foreign controversies so as to make himself appear the horse that could not be swapped crossing a stream, we ought to be, and shall be, free to criticise him.

We do not say that either candidate will stoop to any course mean or perilous, or take a line which would make it a public duty to oppose him. But till we know what the clear position of each will be, there is nothing for it but to wait and to hold ourselves in readiness to write exactly what we think about each speech of acceptance, and the campaign utterances of Governor Hughes and President Wilson, or of those authorized to interpret their views. This is to be the attitude of the *Nation*. It intends to discuss the unfoldings of the Presidential campaign with the utmost freedom. If anything we feel compelled to say in criticism of Mr. Hughes tends to make votes for President Wilson, that is not our look-out. Nor will the blame fall upon us if Mr. Wilson says or does things from which we must strongly dissent, with the effect of appearing to aid Mr. Hughes's cause. Some one complained to Thomas Arnold that the times would not bear a man who said precisely what he thought. He replied, "I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do." Not that the *Nation* takes to itself any credit for swearing allegiance to neither party in this campaign. It is only what hundreds of thousands of independent-minded citizens all about us are doing. In the end, of course, it may be necessary to make a decision. It will probably be a case only of *preponderating* evidence; but, as Mill said, a man is bound to yield his mind to that with full assent, if it is all that is obtainable. And when the campaign has been completely shaped, it may be possible to state which side, in our opinion, has the better of the appeal to the country, and to which candidate for the Presidency the destinies of the nation can more safely be entrusted.

THE NAVY BILL.

That the Navy bill, which is expected soon to come to a vote, will be passed by the Senate by an overwhelming majority, is evident. With this enlarged programme to trade with, and backed by the influence of the President, the Senate conferrees will be in a position to demand much of the House, and the net result will doubtless be far larger appropriations than even the House vouchsafed. Congressman Kitchin, who will vote against the bill, admits this. The result will be not only by far the largest bill ever voted in this country, but probably the largest ever voted in a single year in any country. If anything could satisfy the navy maniacs—we do not think anything could—this bill should certainly do it. From the President's point of view, it is a successful measure, because it effectually withdraws from the campaign the argument that the Democrats have been recreant to their duty in the matter of naval preparedness. When Senator Lodge can endorse and approve the bill, Mr. Hughes certainly cannot criticise it or the party responsible for it.

There are certain things about it which are, however, not clear, and may not be for years to come. For instance, just what is it that in the short space of eighteen months has transformed the President from one urging the utmost conservatism in naval matters into a man out-Heroding Herod in pushing us into staggering naval expenditures? Is it solely the desire for reëlection? It is obvious that this vast expenditure of money has nothing to do with our relations with Mexico; the fleet we have possessed is far larger than is needed for the blockading of her coasts, if necessary. Our relations with Germany had reached the quiescent stage, and the growingly unfavorable outlook for the Central Powers, together with Germany's heavy loss in ships in the battle off Jutland, had markedly decreased, it would seem, the possible menace from that source at the very moment that the President was being transformed, not from the conservative of De-

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cember, 1915, into an advocate of preparedness, but into a big-navy man far exceeding in his haste to have a great fleet the wishes of the extremists of the Navy League and the General Navy Board.

For this is what has happened in the last few weeks. The House defeated the five-year building programme and, according to Mr. Kitchin, with the President's and Mr. Daniels's consent. Whereupon in the Senate the five-year naval programme is compressed into three years—again with the President's consent. The five-year programme had seemed vicious and un-American enough; after being smashed in the House, it emerges in a far worse form with the President's hearty sanction. The House voted against all battleships; the Senate inserts four Dreadnoughts. The House bill voted seventy-two vessels, the Senate *one hundred and fifty-seven*, of which sixty-six are to be begun at once. Only in submarines is the Senate less exigent than the House: in every other classification its demand is far greater. So vast, indeed, is the increase that from now on the British Admiralty will have to strain every nerve to maintain its "two-Power" standard; and, indeed, there will be many to ask if the real aim is not at least to equal Great Britain. Senator Lodge, of course, jumps at the argument that, as the Panama Canal is vulnerable, we must have two great navies, one for the Pacific, one for the Atlantic—thus admitting that the Panama Canal was built under false pretences, since a chief argument for it, because of the voyage of the Oregon, was that it would *double* the power of our navy. Instead of which we learn that this great blessing has *halved* it!

Where is this sort of madness to end? Our naval expenditures were but $15,125,126 in 1879; by 1893 they were $58,823,894, by 1904 they had grown to $102,956,101, in 1914 to $139,682,186, and the pending Senate bill calls for $315,826,843—$45,000,000 more than the House was willing to agree to. It is, of course, quite possible that this programme will never be carried out. Events in Europe may lead to its reconsideration. Mr. Wilson has suggested that you cannot lead others towards disarmament unless you have a lot to disarm; and there is the interesting fact that the Dreadnoughts authorized in the spring of 1915 have not yet been begun, and that our shipyards are crowded by new merchant construction, which is to be stimulated further by the Shipping bill. All of this may give time for reconsideration, for a recovery from our present hysteria, when, at the close of the war, the whole world begins to readjust itself. One thing is, however, quite clear: If there are any Americans who believe that this bill if enacted will end the craze of the professional advocates of preparedness, they are utterly mistaken. The preparedness issue will not be settled by making a great financial sacrifice now, with the idea of getting it over with once for all. "Preparedness" is like a mirage, never to be caught up with. This fact the entire history of militarism abroad demonstrates.

What the Navy bill signifies is the abandonment by the Democratic party under Mr. Wilson's leadership of its historic anti-imperialistic position. It means that, if carried out, the United States will be regarded as a menace by every nation abroad; that every foreign shipbuilding programme will be influenced chiefly by us. Will the American people care in the long run to take part in this hideous race to see who can arm fastest and most? We have no idea that they will.

EXTINCT VOLCANOES.

The allusion is, of course, to Disraeli's characterization of his political opponents out of office as sitting on the front Opposition bench "like a row of extinct volcanoes." In the case of some of them, the wit was better than the scientific accuracy. It is always dangerous to assert that a given politician is played out. While there's life there's hope of office. Disraeli was confident that Palmerston was through, at least ten years before that vigorous old gentleman left off beating Disraeli and his party. There is, we believe, much dispute among scientists over what are the sure signs of a volcano being really extinct. In the case of political volcanoes they are still harder to be certain of. Yet one of the remarkable features of the Presidential campaign upon which we are entering is that so unusual a number of seemingly extinct volcanoes appear on our political horizon.

The Nebraska volcano, formerly so excessively active, is now visible from a great distance, cold and gray. No longer do we see the spouting lava that used to come from it; the lurid glow has paled; the explosions, the masses of rhetoric hurled high in the air, are no more. There is only an occasional rumble, only an inner sputter or sizzle as of confined steam, to remind us of the earth-shaking convulsions of other days. Mr. Bryan's almost complete disappearance from the public view is, indeed, something which nobody would have dared predict a year ago. When he so dramatically resigned from Wilson's Cabinet, all the forecasts were of an open clash between the two men and a party torn asunder. Their mutual "God bless you!" as they parted sounded to the suspicious very much like a curse. And nobody could have believed that a twelvemonth would find the President completely dominant in the Democratic party, and Bryan not merely chained to the wheels of the Wilson chariot, but rather pleased to exhibit himself as a helpless captive. Yet it would be rash to assert that the Nebraska peak may not before long be found blazing and belching again. All that the cautious observer will affirm is that at present it appears to have entered upon a period of inactivity.

Minor extinct volcanoes will leap to the eyes of all who survey the political scene, but there is one over which it is especially worth while to pause. A dozen years ago, even eight years ago, it was furiously active. Molten lava was all the while pouring down its sides, and rocks and scoriæ were ejected from it with great violence. And the fiery discharges were accompanied by thick clouds of sulphurous smoke and poisonous gases. Yet to-day the Hearst volcano would be pronounced extinct by any competent student of American politics. If it now and then tries to do its old terrifying, nobody pays any attention to it. Yet it is but a short time since Hearst was solemnly described as the greatest individual political power in this country. He was to make and unmake Mayors, Governors, Presidents. He himself was to be Mayor, or Governor, wherever he chose to take the office; and in a moment of high and disinterested enthusiasm Mr. Arthur Brisbane wrote in the *North American Review* that W. R. Hearst's surpassing virtues and preëminent abilities were certain to make him President of the United States. To-day, even Hearst himself would guffaw at that. His volcano has completely burned itself out.

With great hesitation and shrinking, we must refer to the fact that certain seismologists, one or two of them said to be Japanese savants, have lately been making careful studies along the north shore of Long Island. There are phenomena there which puzzle them. What explains the absence of severe earth-pressures, and of the sound of loud explosions, that used to be so regularly observed in the neighborhood of Oyster Bay? Is there a true subsidence of volcanic activity in that locality? Has the Long Island Vesuvius become extinct? This is both delicate and dangerous ground upon which to

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tread. We advise no Pliny of politics to venture too close to the Oyster Bay crater. A sudden burst might heap coals of fire upon his head in a way which might be Christian but would be decidedly unpleasant. True, Col. Roosevelt has himself repeatedly declared that he is "out of politics," which the Japanese volcanists might be excused for thinking meant extinct. But no alert American will be deceived by a mere phrase like that. It is too hard to believe that the Colonel will ever be out of politics till he is out of breath. Yet it seems safe to conclude that he will be a bit inactive for a time. That is to say, he will merely ride and shoot and chop and tramp and write and kill you some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast and say, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."

FIGHTING WITH TARIFFS AFTER THE GUNS.

Protests are happily heard in England against the plan of the Allies, as announced at Paris, to wage a commercial war upon Germany after the drumming of the guns has ceased. The surprising thing is that the resolution was drafted and laid before the Allies by the British Government. This has since been stated by Mr. Bonar Law. He, of course, has been a Tariff Reformer—which in England means a protectionist—but it is difficult to think of Mr. Asquith and Lloyd George agreeing to discriminatory tariffs and economic boycotts, even as a temporary measure following the war. Mr. Bonar Law defends it as giving England "time to decide what to do." But in reply it is powerfully argued by the *Manchester Guardian* that, while England is refraining from trade with Germany and Austria, and making up her mind what to do next, there will be a great turning to the United States to make good the wastage of the war. Such a process would still further imperil English financial supremacy.

The folly of war with tariffs after the war with bullets is over can be shown on purely business grounds. True self-interest will be found to make against the scheme of commercial warfare and will, we believe, in the long run be fatal to it. But it is good to know that the case is also argued on a higher plane. It is not only a question of trade and profits. The whole matter of international comity is involved, with good feeling between countries, and the friendships of peace. To bring one war to a close, and then immediately to sow the seeds of new wars, is the very imbecility of statesmanship. This is eloquently maintained by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, who declares that "if there is any faith among public men, if there is any respect for the men who are dying and are yet to die on the battlefields of Europe, the resolutions [for economic war] will never be adopted." For what does it mean to classify certain nations for tariff purposes as "enemy countries" after the war? Plainly, that Europe is to continue to be divided into two hostile camps; and that the natural commercial relations which make for peace are to be cut off or cut into, with the result of causing exasperation and a rush back into the competition in armaments and preparation for new wars.

Interestingly, we have at the same time with these English expressions a statement of similar views from a weighty German authority. Prof. Lujo Brentano, of Munich, recently gave a lecture at Zurich on the general subject of economic changes and reconstruction after the war, with special reference to "commercial hostilities." He began by rapping certain German braggarts over the knuckles. They have been boasting of Germany's self-sufficiency. During the war she has made herself independent of the rest of the world. As a result, after the war she can live in and by herself, both agriculturally and industrially. But Professor Brentano exposed the absurdity of all this. Germany has managed to pull through, so far, but only by enormous sacrifices. Once peace comes, it will be impossible for her to go on self-contained. An "exclusively national economy" is not only undesirable, but has become, the Munich professor contended, absolutely out of the question in the modern world. If it is attempted, it leads straight to war. And Professor Brentano had a word of truth and soberness about the extreme proposals of the conference of the Allies at Paris:

> If in the very midst of the horrors of war the Allies decide to continue the present world-war after the conclusion of peace, by means of a commercial war, instead of insuring the most rapid reparation of the damage caused by this cataclysm by means of certain dispositions according to international commercial relations based on a peaceful division of labor, there is only one word to describe their decision—and that is, madness!

In fact, so many objections, both economic and political, have been urged against the trade-devices to be employed to the injury of Germany and Austria after the war, that it is more and more difficult to believe that there was ever a serious purpose to put them into effect. They may have been thought of mainly as a threat—a warning to Germany of the worse fate that might overtake her if she did not hasten to make peace. Yet we must not shut our eyes to the fact that a kind of epidemic of tariff-mania is infecting the whole world. The United States is certainly not exempt from it. Americans, too, are told that they must resort to hostile tariffs or be ruined. If we cannot have a real war, let us at least have a deadly trade war. There is a deal of this madness astir in the land. Many Republicans and some Democrats are afflicted with it. Even Mr. Hughes is suspected of not being entirely immune. It may turn out to be one of the chief issues of the Presidential campaign. For America will not permit Europe to enjoy a monopoly of economic folly.

ELIE METCHNIKOFF.

That Metchnikoff was an able and unwearied scientist; that as one of the directors of the Pasteur Institute he helped apply the organization under him to the really significant problems of modern medical investigation; that certain of his discoveries were of direct benefit to mankind, everybody knows. Visitors to Europe in 1915 remarked the energy that kept him at work in the few laboratories of his building not vacated for uses of war. Since his association with Roux he has been looked upon as one of the commanding old men of his field, one to be thought of with Poincaré, Haeckel, and Virchow. Previously he had discovered the function of the white blood corpuscles, his theories leading to vaccine-therapy; and he had demonstrated the value to medicine of studies in the development of the lower animals. Later came the investigations of syphilis that brought him, with Ehrlich, the Nobel prize for medicine; his studies upon the hygiene of the tissues, and upon intestinal putrefaction. Even his highly debatable speculations have been recognized as offering fruitful impulses to investigation, and as tending to broaden scientific horizons. What has not been generally recognized is that his impulse to creative, as opposed to plodding, scientific thought, made him also one of the minor philosophers of our time, as Poincaré, Ostwald, Haeckel, and Wallace are philosophers—if not in the speculative, in the scientific sense.

The direct basis of his later thinking lay in his theories of the spread of the scientific spirit, of the widening observance of the rules of sound health, of the development of reason and human equality, and—above all—of the possibility of greatly increased longevity. From the purely medical standpoint, his ideas about old age attracted exag-

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gerated attention. He believed that the chief hope for improvement in the health of mankind now lies in the conquest of the non-infectious diseases—gout, diabetes, arterio-sclerosis, cancer, nephritis, and so on. Many of these diseases he thought traceable to the immense number of microbes that people our intestines, and especially the microbes of putrefaction. Denying Pasteur's assertion of the necessity of these microbes to nutrition, at least for adults, he believed that their place might profitably be taken by the addition of artificial ferments to food. Especially should the three main microbes of putrefaction be as far as possible eliminated, for in feeding in the intestines they secrete dangerous poisons. The acidity produced by lacteal ferments he considered effective in preventing the germination of such microbes, especially when taken for months and years. Hence came his recommendation of the use of pure lacteal cultures, of the form common in the curdled milk of the Balkan peninsula, but carefully served in sterilized milk or sugared bouillon. Since he thought that intestinal microbes played a large part in the general exhaustion of the organism, as well as in producing specific diseases, he was assured that lactic ferments, with abstention from raw or unclean food, would gradually prolong human life.

But this prolongation of life was to Metchnikoff only a chief element among many by which human existence of the future would be a far richer lot than now. No "meliorist" had more definite opinions as to the value of scientific knowledge to man's well being. His book on "Human Nature" was an original series of illustrations of man's failure, as yet, to adjust himself to his necessary natural surroundings. He based his optimistic philosophy on the consideration that if what he called the period of "life zest" could be greatly extended, it would be worth much more to live; when men aged with ability to use their faculties without impairment or pain until death, the world would have much more scope to satisfy its desire for spiritual and cultivated things. With this he linked beliefs of a very controversial sort about the finiteness of existence, the necessity for trust in science rather than in religion, and the application of ethics to life.

In so far as his thought was based on biological, bacteriological, and psychological theories, many scientists pronounced it highly dubious. Carrel, for example, pointed out the obvious slowness with which medicine advances, the reluctance of men to act upon sound principles of health, the dependence of the careful upon the careless, and the probable inevitability of decay in old age. To rear so many hopes upon the ability of men to conquer all ills with science was to trust to a very insecure basis.

But however untenable some of the conclusions of Metchnikoff, however radical some of his beliefs, there is no doubt that his startling theories were one expression of the qualities that made him great. He combined a wide range of vision with the ability to apply himself closely to single problems; and his bent for philosophy was related to the imagination necessary to his best work. Finally, it must be remembered that in going farthest afield he was impelled by his enthusiastic belief in the science of which he was a devoted follower.

Foreign Correspondence

GREECE ON THE EVE OF THE BLOCKADE—A PRO-GERMAN DESPOT AND AN UNPOPULAR MINISTRY.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, June 8.

The foreign correspondents in Athens met together on June 3 and decided to send to their respective newspapers and agencies a telegram stating that, owing to the Government censorship of telegrams in Athens, it had become impossible to inform by wire their newspapers and agencies of the real state of the situation in Greece. This telegram was refused by the censorship. The correspondents then stated that they would appeal to their Legations for the proper transmission of their telegram.

The news received in Athens last Sunday of the abandoning by Greek troops on governmental order of the frontier fortress of Rupel to the Bulgar-German troops has created a very bad impression everywhere in Greece. The three Venizelist dailies of Athens, the *Patris*, the *Nea-Hellas*, and the *Ethnos*, appeared with mourning borders, announcing the fact that the most important fort in the Greek frontier line of defence against Bulgaria, the key to the valley of the Strymon and the main road to Demir-Hissar through which passes the railway from Salonica, running thence to Seres and Drama, had been voluntarily handed over by the Greek Government to the hereditary enemy, against whose very entry it had been constructed. They recalled the fact that the same Government that had consented to this had made a violent, continued, and successful protest against the passage through Greek territory of Servian troops from Corfu—Servians that are still friends and allies while the present treaty is not abrogated. The pro-German policy of the King and his Ministry had been made manifest.

Those few Greeks to whom "cherchez la femme" has meaning and who can grasp the fact of a woman having influence beyond the domestic life, see the hand of the Queen in the present extreme pro-German policy. On May 24 the Greek papers stated, "The Queen received yesterday in a long interview Mr. Skouloudis, the President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs." On May 28 they recorded the handing over to the German-Bulgar troops of the frontier fortress of Rupel. On June 1, after a review of part of the Greek army at Menidi, near Athens, the King, placing himself at the head of the First Regiment, of which he is honorary colonel, led it past the Queen at the saluting point, saluting her with his sword. To many onlookers, it seemed less the Queen than Germany that was being saluted in her person, and Germany now is not popular in Greece.

Practically, since the resignation of the second Venizelist Ministry in September, 1915, Greece has ceased to be a constitutional and has become an absolute monarchy, governed by the personal policy of the King and the small oligarchy—his self-appointed Ministers. The King entirely directs the foreign policy. His servant Skouloudis, the Prime Minister, is perhaps the most unpopular man in Greece; yet to-day's papers announce the King conferring upon him the highest decoration in his power, the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Saviour. Such disregard of popular opinion is part of the King's make-up, of that strange obstinacy and lack of prescience that must finally prove fatal to him. Where seventy-five per cent. of the people are pro-Ally—whatever may be the proportion that favors Greece preserving her own neutrality—Skouloudis's unpopularity arises from the fact that he is regarded as the tool of the Central Powers and as truckling to both Bulgaria and Turkey, and that he has been the cause of Greece's suffering all the penalties and inconveniences that have arisen from the futile attitude of "neutralité désobligeante" adopted towards the Allies.

The Fort Rupel affair has greatly increased the tension in the already strained relations between the Powers of the Entente and the existing Greek Government, and has altered those relations to the further disadvantage of the Government.

On the Thursday, June 1, following the Sunday when it became known that the fort had been handed over by the Greek Government, M. Guillemin, the French Minister, called on Mr. Skouloudis, not to ask for explanations, but to inform him that Gen. Sarrail, the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Orient, would take the necessary measures to meet the altered conditions; that the time for discussion had gone by. By the abandonment of Fort Rupel, the Greek Government had not kept the express engagement entered into, in the notes of November 10, 1915, exchanged between Greece and the Allies, where the English and French Governments had promised the restitution of all Greek territory occupied, subordinate to the solemn engagement of the Greek Government to facilitate in every way the military action of the Allies.

Further proceedings were not long delayed. At half-past four on Saturday, June 3, the Government received the following telegram from Gen. Moschopolous, commanding the Greek corps d'armée in Thessalonica: "I have just received from Gen. Sarrail the following notice: 'Owing to circumstances, a state of siege is proclaimed in all the zone occupied by the Allies from to-day.'" The news had, however, already reached the Ministers at the morning service at the Cathedral, in honor of the King's name day,

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where the King and royal family were present.

The day had been ushered in with the sound of cannon, and from then on the beat of drums was heard and the music of the various regiments that were to line the streets from the palace to the Cathedral. As the King left the palace before 10 A. M., the reverberations of a twenty-one-gun salute announced his approach. All the pomp and circumstance that could be lent to the royal progress was there. The spectators, a good-natured holiday crowd, who were out to enjoy themselves, stood behind a double row of soldiers that lined all the way from the palace to the Cathedral; they applauded the King and the royal party, the chief actors in the show presented to them.

Preceded by a squadron of cavalry and carriages of court dignitaries and the court marshal, the King and Queen and one of the princesses rode in the open royal gala carriage, à la Douaumont, with postilions riding, the King holding the marshal's bâton presented to him by the German Emperor, and the Queen very much in evidence in a white toilette with the decoration of the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Saviour en sautoir. A second squadron of cavalry followed the cortège. It was a brave show, but an American near me echoed my thoughts when he said: "What 'an old man of the sea' the whole thing is on the shoulders of a bitterly impoverished people."

But the King enjoyed the easy applause. Was it not his day? Venizelos, the man of the people, was not there to share the plaudits and claim the larger share. The leader was taking a needed rest at Kephisia.

As the King left the Cathedral he learned that Gen. Sarrail had proclaimed a state of siege in Salonica and the territory occupied by the Allies; of the seizure of the postal, telegraph, and wireless services; of the abrogation there of all Greek authority, and that his name day would not be celebrated in Salonica.

Two days previous at Menidi, near Athens, at the close of a review in which some 15,000 men took part, referring to the deportment of the regiments which had marched past, as he stood at the saluting post, he had said: "I wish you to pay more attention to details. Many men passing by do not look me in the eyes as they should do. This is the salute and I wish this salute from my army. I remarked that certain captains did the same; while saluting me with the sword, they turned their heads away from me. Perhaps they considered it showed a lack of reverence—to look me in the eye—although I have so many times said it is what I desire." After some further remarks, he said: "It may be that many among you have contrary opinions on these details. But I wish that to cease. It is my will that it be done, and not what those gentlemen think good. It is the superior that governs, not the subaltern." The Greek King makes of his brother-in-law the German Emperor his model, even in the manner of addressing his soldiers. I do not know if there is a Greek version of Humpty Dumpty, but the King will fill the bill.

A recent incident did not call forth the outburst of popular resentment that might have been expected. The cost of living that increases from week to week, the prolonged and paralyzing mobilization, the military patrols in the streets, seem to have produced a temporary apathy in the people of Athens.

On the same Sunday that brought news of the Bulgar-German entry in the fort of Rupel, a service was held in the Church of St. Constantine by the Karteria Association, composed of refugees from Thrace and Asia Minor, to commemorate the victims of Turkish and Bulgarian ferocity. The service was celebrated by the Bishop of Troad, and an address was given by the secretary of the Association, who, after deploring the victims, proceeded to express the hope of the ultimate liberation of those territories from where the victims came. At this point a police agent called upon him to stop. The Bishop then intervened, a tumult ensued, and the police made several uncalled-for arrests. To such a pass have things come in Athens that Greek citizens cannot meet in a church in a commemorative service of Greek victims in Bulgaria and Turkey-in-Asia without its being considered as a direct criticism of the present Government's policy, and consequently as an incitement to public disorder and therefore to be suppressed.

And yet no public policy could be more short-sighted or futile, for so long as martial law is not proclaimed and liberty of the press remains, the liberal and Venizelist papers will continue to print the news and comment upon it. The *Kiryx* (the *Herald*), for example, the official organ of the Liberal party and the mouthpiece of Mr. Venizelos, that appears every Sunday, denounces in fearless and unmeasured language the action of the Government. Other liberties have gone; how long will the liberty of the press remain? Government actions for libel are now pending against the *Kiryx* and the *Messager*.

June 7 brought the news of the death of Kitchener, an heroic figure to the Greeks and considered a friend to the Hellenic cause. It divides interest with the news of what is a heavy blow to all Greece, the threatened blockade and interception of all Greek traffic by sea. Yesterday the blockade was complete at Salonica and in the island ports held by the Allies. Vessels were still able to leave Patras and arrive at the Piræus. The Chamber, after listening to a communication from Mr. Skouloudis, voted an address of condolence to the British Parliament and the family of the great soldier. The rest of the sitting, which was a short one, was occupied by a discussion of the threatened blockade, Prime Minister Skouloudis declaring that he had received no official notification from the Allied Powers, and could only read the telegrams received from Salonica during the day.

The wildest rumors were current in the Chamber, one to the effect that Venizelos had left for Salonica on a vessel escorted by two English torpedo-boat destroyers. During such a crisis this morning's *Acropolis*, a Government paper, publishes the following as a leader—it is a sample of the Government and pro-German press:

"What great events in a month! The Austrians from the defensive have taken the offensive. The invincible English fleet has been beaten. The great Kitchener disappears. And what further events await us, so long as the two lawyers who govern England and France do not decide to accept the German peace proposals? The refusal to listen to these proposals is the result of Great Britain's selfishness.

"Before such diabolical wickedness, one would say that God had turned his face away, and crowded one disaster after another upon her, for seeking not merely the humiliation but the decomposition [disintegration?] of Germany."

Alas poor Greece! Her sober, loyal, hard-working people have deserved better than a weak, untrustworthy Government that does not represent them; a King playing the absolute monarch, carrying out a personal policy at all costs; a foreign Queen pledged to the support of an alien cause, and a reptile press purchased in the interest of that cause.

WAR RESULTS ALREADY WON—FRANCE AND ITALY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 1.

On the twenty-third day of June, in the vast amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, three distinguished representatives of France and Italy met to speak of "the Italian effort." Independently of their subject, each one seemed impelled to give utterance to results which this unfinished war has already accomplished.

Anatole France, of the French Academy, presided. Louis Barthou, one-time Prime Minister of France, was to give the chief discourse. These two men—before the war—neither walked nor talked together in spirit. Now Anatole France began by saying: "I rejoice to find myself at my friend's side, in communion with him, both having the same faith, and yet each remaining like to himself, both coming hither with one heart, sacrificing nothing of old convictions which would be to belittle us, but closely united face to the foe."

This Union Sacrée, working above and against all previous politics, is one result accomplished in France by Germany's war. Anatole France went on at once to another:

"With what satisfaction did we see, from the beginning of war, Italy refusing to be an accomplice of unjust aggression and breaking with the Triple Alliance, to give us as first fruits of her friendship security along our southern frontier. And with what joy did we learn on the 16th of May, of 1915, that she united her arms with ours. We had not only to rejoice, but to admire Italy, for war was not imposed on her as it had been on us; but it was imposed on her solely by heed of justice and care for her own destiny. In December, Italy signed the Pact of London, binding herself to lay down her arms only when the Powers of the Entente shall do so and giving Belgium assurance that she will not cease to fight so long as a parcel of Belgian soil is still under the invader's heel. . . . Italy is resolved to struggle with all her might, at the cost of every sacrifice, until she has realized her holiest hopes and restored, in concert with the Allies, the law of nations, and, with them, made sure of independence and safety and mutual respect among peoples—for these alone can bring back calm to the universe."

This sworn union of Italy with the Allies until all of them together shall reach the international end is another result already accomplished by this war. It was certainly not foreseen by Germany when she began it. The Italian Ambassador, Tittoni, who was to come after the two Frenchmen with what is perhaps the most notable of the day's

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speeches, gave the essential formula months ago. This Anatole France now cited: "Let the peace won by victory not be 'a' peace, but 'the' peace, that is, peace pure of all germs of war, peace seated solidly on the principle of nationalities and international justice."

One who has had his ears open in France for fifty years might have thought himself back in the days when the visionary Napoleon III, so unluckily for himself, let loose his policy of nationalities. Germany, who triumphed over that policy in 1870—and has been doing so consistently ever since—could not have expected such a resurrection. It is a principle more living than ever, and is yet another result of this war which she designed for more conquest of peoples.

Anatole France has not been known as a political thinker, but he kept on unerringly in this illumination of war: "In serener days, when we shall be given back to the toils of the earth and industry and the arts, we shall remember that, from the Stelvio to the Isonzo, round peaks covered with everlasting snows, in gorges lashed by the north wind, precious blood has flowed for the common cause. Friends of Italy in war, we shall stay friends in peace. To the brotherhood of arms, we shall not make succeed economic hostilities. We shall know how to reconcile the commercial, industrial, financial interests of the two peoples, and together we shall agree to pull down barriers of figures which are sometimes as cruel during peace as barbed wires are during war.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and you, young men who shall long taste the fruits of the peace which will have cost rude efforts and bloody sacrifices, remember always how your fathers, allied with Italy so noble and refined, and allied with nearly all civilized Europe, have struggled not for prey as barbarians do, not for insolent and cruel domination as do our adversaries, but for liberty against tyranny, for justice against iniquity, for the faith of treaties against perfidy, for peace against war. For evermore may the example of the vanquished—for we may hold our enemies as already vanquished—guard you from the brutal pride which has ruined them and from immoderate desires and from disdain of the weak. May their ruin teach you reason and justice and persuade you that strength without wisdom devours itself."

Thus Anatole France is also among the prophets, and this, too, Germans did not foresee, living as they did with no insight of what the French or Italian or any other people really think and feel—

Tristemque trahunt sine lumine vitam.

Ex-Minister Barthou confined himself to his subject—Italy's effort in this war—but first he cited words now ten years old which Anatole France once spoke to the Portuguese Teofilo Braga: "Our countries—let us keep and respect and uphold such national organizations which are for us, in the present state of Humanity, the necessary forces of social life. Let us remember that the disaggregation of the peoples of liberty, the decay of intellectual nations, far from preparing the union of freed peoples, would soon bring barbarous autocracy down on Latin Europe." In the shadow of present events, Louis Barthou added: "Italy has taken her place for the battle among the peoples of liberty, but between her and her allies there is a difference in the situation. France and Russia made answer to aggression; England joined in the struggle, to make a treaty respected and to defend herself against a threat; but Italy was not attacked, not threatened directly, and a treaty thirty years old bound her to the Central Powers. She has intervened of her own full will, after long and mature reflection."

Citations which followed from Italians of every stamp showed that Germans have had all along no understanding of the psychological, that is, the human results of their own course of action in past years. Ten years ago Ambassador Tittoni called down remorse on him who should start war without necessity. Barzilaï, at one religious and social extreme, raised the alarm at the financial mastery which Germany, through her banks and industry and commerce, was gaining over Italy. He declared it to be "a work of expropriation favored by naturalizations whose evil results Italy is not alone to share, since it gives those naturalized the means of betraying their adopted country to the advantage of their native land."

The valiant historian Ferrero cried aloud: "All is being Germanized." Then came the trial of men's souls. Meda, at the other religious extreme and now the first Catholic found in a Ministry of United Italy, at once proclaimed the truth when others kept silence about the martyrdom of Catholic Belgium. Bissolati, who has come from far in politics to enter the same Italian Ministry of Sacred Union, declares the obvious fact that this is "the great war of ideals." And the venerable Luzzatti sums up the situation as it has come to be: "No repentance is legitimate, no doubt is honest, and no hesitation tolerable, now that the fight is on at Verdun and the Upper Astico for the civilization of the world."

In all this, it seems to me we have yet another result won to Europe by war and going far beyond any unassisted principle of nationalities. It is the universal alarm felt at Germany's attempts and claims to expand at the expense of other peoples, to impose on them her might and Kultur, her organized efficiency and "hegemony."

Ambassador Tittoni sought the responsibility of the war in a discourse which will remain. To his professional knowledge, he joins the cultured form which has grown so rare in public life. By the example before him, he brought home the reality of this war whose enormity might otherwise daze us. The son of M. Barthou has been killed in it.

"To-day, when a speaker begins, the public asks itself before giving heed to whether his speech is brilliant or dull, 'What has he done for his country at this supreme moment?' I believe I can say that, if M. Barthou has deeply impressed and moved you, it is not only by the charm and vigor of his wonderful eloquence. It is also because he has given to his country more than his life, he has given a life that was a hundred times dearer to him than his own. And his voice had its tragic accent because it expressed truly the two great tragedies which stir his own soul—this terrible, bloody war, and the sacrifice of that which had his greatest affection. Pardon me, dear friend, I do not think the remembrance of your sorrow was absent from your mind when you concentrated in hot, avenging words the maledictions of all the families who mourn against those who, without necessity, without legitimate reason, have let loose on Europe a plague more terrible than all the evils which afflict mankind, take them all together.

"This malediction they seek to avert from their heads, never ceasing to repeat that they did not wish this war. . . . But could their childish illusions, if truly they entertained them, diminish their responsibility? Even if Austria and Germany could defend themselves from the accusation of coldly premeditating this war for which, as its facts have proved, they alone had military preparation, all the same they would still be guilty for having let war loose carelessly, proudly, scorning justice among nations."

With this verdict in their souls, strengthened to hold fast in the conflict for justice and liberty among peoples, the hearers went forth into the sunlight from the Sorbonne, whence learning and civilization has radiated for six hundred and fifty years—*lucis noctisque vices.*

THE MINISTERIAL UTILITY MAN.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

House of Commons, June 28.

"When in doubt play trumps" is an axiom familiar to whist players since the days of Mrs. Battle. When in difficulty play Lloyd George is an analogous rule established under the Premiership of Mr. Asquith. The member for Carnarvon is the utility man of the Government, the marine of the Ministry, ready to go anywhere and do anything on land or sea. In personal interest, in dramatic turns, his Parliamentary career has only one parallel, a parallel not yet completed to the point of its final stage. Something more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since he, not without an eye to extending on a broader basis a solicitor's business established in the comparative obscurity of Carnarvon, settled in London as representative of his native city. He did not hurry about making his mark in the House of Commons. Like a wise man he was content during his first two sessions to sit below the gangway on the Opposition side, studying from a lower form the ways of the new school into which he had made his way. He broke silence in the succeeding Parliament elected in 1892, with Mr. Gladstone, supported by a perilously small majority, commissioned to make a second effort to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland. He spoke once or twice on that measure and on some others. But the Thames placidly ebbed and flowed by the Terrace of the House, unapprehensive of being set on fire by the modest-mannered, quietly spoken young Welshman.

Upon some members of the House, who chanced to accompany Lord Rosebery to a memorable muster of the Liberal party held in Cardiff in the early nineties, revelation was suddenly flashed of the potentiality of the young member. Late in the afternoon of a sitting in the big hall filled to meet Lord Rosebery, at the time unconscious of the contingency of occupation of a lonely furrow, Mr. Lloyd George appeared upon the platform and was greeted by a hearty cheer. It was plain on the instant that, though as yet obscure among the crowd on back benches in the House of Commons, he was a prophet in his own country. In a speech of simple, genuine eloquence he wrought his countrymen up

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to a pitch of enthusiasm not attained even under the spell of one who justly ranked among the greatest of English orators of the day.

Free from the irk of the still uncongenial atmosphere and the lukewarm sympathy of the House of Commons, he was a man transformed. Back in the land of his fathers he stood in the midst of his brethren. Visitors from Westminster sat amazed at the new light cast upon a casual acquaintance. During the last two years, when a finally united kingdom has been assailed from outside, they or their successors in the House of Commons have more than once been privileged to hear the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, the present Minister of Munitions, the possible Secretary of State for War, grown familiar with the scene, inspired by consciousness of sympathy between the audience and himself, speak in the same strain of soul-stirring eloquence.

It was Mr. Chamberlain who, probably unconsciously, certainly undesignedly, was instrumental in providing the Cardiff solicitor with that turn in the tide of affairs which, promptly, courageously followed, led to fortune. With the towering figure of Gladstone laid low in Westminster Abbey, Mr. Chamberlain's supremacy as a debater was unquestioned in the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt occasionally tried a bout with his former colleague, to the bitter end his personal friend, but did not do much damage. From the time the one-time rising hope of stern unbending Radicalism took his seat on the Treasury bench, a Cabinet colleague of Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, and others with whom in former days he strenuously fought, Mr. Lloyd George marked him for his own. When he first entered the lists lookers-on were irresistibly reminded of David stepping forth on to the plain to encounter Goliath. Interest deepened and varied estimation altered as time after time the encounter was renewed. Mr. Chamberlain, a born fighter, was not long in recognizing that here was a foeman worthy of his steel. At the outset as scornfully supercilious as Goliath at first sight of David, he presently paid to the assaults on him a measure of personal attention that raised the member for Carnarvon to a premier place in the fighting forces of debate.

When, as a result of the general election of 1905, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was called upon to form a Ministry, Mr. Lloyd George's inclusion was inevitable. In accordance with long-established custom, a private member who had so far distinguished himself in Opposition as to establish a claim to a seat on the Treasury bench, would be favored by an Under-Secretaryship, or at best by appointment to the Financial Secretaryship, that jumping-off board from which a succession of men have reached the highest level of Cabinet rank. Mr. Gladstone boldly, but happily, broke the rule when at a bound he made Mr. Asquith Home Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, not less accurately foresighted, forthwith made the member for Carnarvon a Cabinet Minister, head of the important Department of the Board of Trade. For the rest of the story, is it not written in the chronicles of a statesman who, having established popular favor and won personal renown in one post, has, when called to it in an hour of emergency, with equal success undertaken the duties of another?

Heirlooms

THE REQUISITION OF COPPER IN A SMALL TOWN OF SOUTH GERMANY.

By FERDINAND REYHER.

In February the housewives of Büdingen received large white proclamations with many blank spaces from the local authorities, upon which they were to specify what articles of copper and brass they possessed. The *Kupferbeschlagnahmung*—requisition of copper—which every one had been expecting was at hand. On Monday, March 6, every removable piece of metal with copper in it must be in the Rathaus, where it would be weighed and paid for by weight. On Friday and Saturday little basket wagons and pushcarts and wheelbarrows carrying some lamps and candle-holders, teapots and braziers, but mostly loaded with great semi-spherical gold-red tubs, in which the German country hausfrau stews clothes, came bouncing over the smooth stones of every street in the small city. Monday morning was jolly on all sides with the rattle of wooden wheels and resonant kettles.

In Büdingen the locks and hinges in all the old houses are of brass and rendered in honest proportions. They are so shiny that you cannot believe they are not new until you look closer and note the delightful hammering of old workmanship. Each hinge must be mentioned in the inexorable circular. The castle, particularly, is a treasury of mellowed bronze and brass. Its doors are heavy with stencilled and beaten and embossed locks, hinges, and plates. There are invaluable lamps and candelabra. But these together with the princely collection of antique utensils and ornaments have been inventoried on the white form. In the humbler homes, however, is many a choice piece which the housewives forget to publish. It is a little dangerous to evade requisition orders, although by this time I suppose every one has held something back in the daily opportunities that offer themselves to give up something else. With ominous significance, a story of a rich peasant who lived a short distance outside of Büdingen came into the town on that Monday morning as if to strengthen the townsfolk in a virtuous support of Imperial commands. The officials who had taken the statements of the farmer at the *Beschlagnahmung* of fruit in the autumn had either become slowly suspicious of his declaration or through a change of officials it was found necessary to ask him some questions. On the previous Saturday a strange inspector had come to the farm, and finding only a boy there inquired if there was fruit stored in the house. The boy led the officer to a closet which his predecessors had not been privileged to see, and revealed bulgy sacks and baskets of which no account had been given. The punishment, of course, is inconvenient.

At the house where I was staying they had sent the tubs and pots to the Rathaus on Monday morning, and in the afternoon two of us went to the weighing. The rooms on the ground floor were crowded with women, boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen, and a few small children. There had never been any indignation or any particular excitement over this latest measure of the Government, except a talkative regret at parting with inherited family possessions, and possessions which most of these people could never afford to replace. So they talked as peasants and small townspeople who wait in crooked, tedious lines inside of Rathäuser have always talked; some whispered, others joked, and to distinguish this from anything before the war two women in front of me exchanged the latest news of their brothers and husbands, and the brothers, husbands, and sons of their absent neighbors. There was also some murmured critical gossip of the objects that came on the scales. Here and there stood a woman holding her head shawl together under her chin, looking with indifferent eyes as piece after piece so like her own was rolled out to be weighed. It is astonishing how similar all these tubs and kettles seem, although the housewives and the whispered gossip assured me there were great differences. Finally their possessions came also and an old man weighed them and told off the figures to the young woman clerk behind the big table. There were certain questions before the receipt was made out and these women answered them in low expressionless voices. The peculiar bitterness of sorrow now is its commonplaceness.

Only the kettles and pots were being weighed, the better things were set aside. Yet most of the common kettles are heirlooms, too, with old soft apricot colors and a kind of proper temper which the women informed me does not exist in anything but old copper. I conceived a great admiration for these big bell- and dome-shaped vessels. Still waiting for our turn I began meditating on the fact that the more apparent heirlooms and pieces of quality were being set aside and would not be used except in extremity. This led to a quaint and complicated allegory in which I proved that the laborer, the peasant, the mechanic—the common soldier, in short, who looks like every other common soldier and is really quite different—was the copper wash-kettle which the state stews its laundry in and at the first necessity sacrifices, while the nobility, etc., were the ornaments singled out for showy and protected ways of preferment and not to be used until the very end. Just then a woman who had owned one of the finest kettles pushed by me, her face, like Mrs. Fezziwig's, one vast substantial smile, and unable to restrain herself, whispered to another: "Tadelos! Mehr als er gekostet!" "Perfect! More than it cost!" And the other responded: "Gelle! Ich hab's gesagt!"—"There, now! I told you!" The allegory had received a jolt and with this new stimulus began leading entirely too far; so I went into a dark little side room where dozens of exquisite old trinkets gleamed bewitchingly from the floor, and admired them with all my heart. They seemed to have been polished up for the state occasion.

Although the prices were generous and the people obtained more than the kettles orignally cost, they had, so to speak, been "broken in," and there were always small subsequent outlays. Very few were happy to give them up, except in houses where money was exceedingly scarce. As we came out I walked with my companion to the *Lazaret* in the Castle, where she had been nursing wounded since the first wounded came.

"Marvellous, some of these old chased and turned things," I said; "not to speak of other considerations, they alone are worth stopping a war to save."

"Anything is worth stopping a war to save." She was silent for a moment. "It seems somehow," she began again slowly, "that these perfect bits of perfect labor, that have been in

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our families hundreds of years, handed down with increasing worth and love, are protests. . . ."

"Against the will to destroy?" I finished as slyly as I dared.

"Oh, that is only another phrase, and phrases have done so much harm already. . . . It is sad when you must destroy your art. And now peace and craftsmanship are to be converted into"—she stopped and smiled wearily—"into the very instruments of what you call *der Zerstörungswille.*"

John Masefield and Others

Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Pilgrims of Hope and Chants for Socialists. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75c. net.

The White Messenger and Other Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50c. net.

Earth and New Earth. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press. $1 postpaid.

Italy in Arms and Other Poems. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall. 75c. net.

The Pilgrim Kings. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Sonnets of Spinsterhood. By Snow Longley. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 75c. net.

Imperial Japanese Poems of the Meiji Era. Translated by F. A. Lombard.

Mr. Masefield's "Good Friday" play, which is set in Pilate's paved court during the hours of the Crucifixion, is markedly novel in the abstraction from the scene not only of Jesus himself, but of virtually all his disciples and partisans. (The Madman hardly constitutes an exception.) The author, if I guess right, has had the strong and daring inspiration to make the mouths of the indifferent and the hostile the conduits of a pity and horror which they do not effectually share. Unluckily a plan whose first requisite is stoical reticence is unsuited to a writer whose main limitation is dependence on mood. Accordingly, two things have occurred. Sometimes fidelity to the plan—if this be the plan—has made Mr. Masefield's work arid and barren, and sometimes he purchases romantic or emotional effects at the cost of the integrity of his conception. For example, the speech of Longinus, the vivid and lurid eminence of the play, is abundantly powerful, but it is inconceivable in the mouth of a Roman soldier not steeped beforehand in a strong solution of John Masefield. The Madman himself seems half an estray from Elizabethan drama, and his soliloquies and lyrics read like sheddings and driftings from a still later period of the romantic efflorescence in English literature. The play's totality is ineffective; its power is episodic. A strong moment supervenes, when, in the dialogue between the Sentry and the Madman, the peculiar impressiveness of that silence and loneliness which skirt the edge of turbulence and mobs is brought home to us by impalpable touches. The play is written in iambic pentameter couplets, a dubious dramatic instrument which even Mr. Masefield's adroit handling scarcely rescues from the disrepute in which Dryden's experiments left it two centuries or more ago.

The volume concludes with sixty or more remarkable sonnets, an unruly form which becomes docile to Mr. Masefield in return for his timely relaxation of its discipline. The poems promise munificently; their port is great; they have the proud unconcern, the self-relying insouciance, of genius. But they do not quite meet their engagements; they are full of imperfections, and they approximate rather than attain that sheer force and autocracy which would silence the demand for perfection. They profess thoughtfulness; in fact, they merely frequent the demesnes of thought in quest of that special class of shudders and palpitations which crouch in the shadow of intelligence. It is the task of these devoutly skeptical and primevally modern poems to pursue certain sensations, half-stimulant, half-narcotic, into their remotest ambushes in the coverts of metaphysics and cosmology. Theirs is murkiness shot with splendor; the beauty they track and acclaim is hardly distinguishable from mystery or terror, "a shadow like an angel, with bright hair dabbled with blood." The wealth, and also the waste, of power is discernible in the following:

> Yet at a dawn before the birds begin,
> In dreams, as the horse stamps and the hound stirs,
> Sleep slips the bolt and beauty enters in
> Crying aloud those hurried words of hers,
> And I awake and, in the birded dawn,
> Know her for Queen *and own myself a pawn.*

Rhyme was never more dearly purchased. Compare the noble termination of another sonnet:

> Where in the lonely silence I may wait
> The prayed-for gleam—your hand upon the gate.

The "prayed-for gleam" is not finally withheld from those who keep vigil at the gate for Mr. Masefield.

I will not say that the tissue of William Morris's social verse is poetical: I would say rather that its existence is poetry. The composition of these chants, in all plainness of form and all sincerity of heart, by a hand capable of "The Defence of Guenevere" and of "Sigurd the Volsung" is a replenishment of the wellheads from which poetry sempiternally flows. We will not mourn the departure of fineness from the surface when its refuge is the core. Beauty still punctuates the verse, though it is never plentiful and rarely emphatic. A lovely brevity, like "When spring lay light on the earth," sometimes recalls a feathery, ash-gray blossom amid the long, slender, outreaching lines that stretch, like long-stemmed, fine-stemmed grasses, to a remote goal in the half-glimpsed horizon. Nor is it quite true that energy has replaced charm; these poems are more fervid than robust; in "The Pilgrims of Hope," for instance, with its low-relief narrative, there is much of the melancholy, the dreaminess, the fluid lapse, and even the monotony, of "The Earthly Paradise." The mild wave rocks the Red Cross transport as soothingly as the pleasure-yacht. But while it is true that these poems show a decline of beauty without a compensatory advance in strength, they remain as tokens, as pledges, inestimable for all who seek, in their own language,

> to open wide the door
> For the rich man's hurrying terror, and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Miss Thomas's volume, which is, from cover to cover, an arraignment of war, contains a brief play of war-like theme and pacific motive, and fifty pages of lyrics in which war is reprobated in the swift, careless, picturesque ballad-style in which it has often been glorified. The fable of the play, "The White Messenger," is sparing and awkward, though it is no ignoble fervor that energizes its hardy and masculine blank verse. War is to end through the private soldier's refusal to fight, and Miss Thomas does not blench before the death which awaits the pioneers of this blessed revolution. One feels possibly a "divine excess" in these urgencies. Human nature being the makeshift and patchwork that it is, to picture martyrdom as the prelude to amelioration is impolitic wherever it is needless, and, in the madness that we call war, its necessity is doubtful. Should the great and wise of the earth load the stumbling peasant with their evaded responsibilities? Miss Thomas, in a scorn of death that commands admiration, unwisely allows the woman evangelist in "The White Messenger" to die a death that is merely ceremonial, a decorum, a figure, a cock to Æsculapius. The lyrics, which revive an earlier tradition, are of the impetuous and mettlesome variety, unsolicitous of finish, neglectful of condensation, prolific of imagery and ornament. I quote one stanza:

> O sovereign lords, that the gauntlet throw down,
> Ye lands that have flung at each other your braves
> Till War is the word—and from country and town
> Defile the long line of your militant slaves,
> They sing as they die, your rallying staves:
> But their spirits look down, as they heavenward fare—
> They see, as ye see not, the banner that waves
> In the darkness—the Prince of the Power of the Air!

The playlet, "Gerhard of Ryle," in Mr. Rice's latest volume, has a worthy object—the discrediting of armed force, and exhibits his customary felicity in imaginative setting. With these virtues, its excellence terminates. The incompleteness of the half-built choir of the Cologne minster seen through the house-window of its unhappy

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architect is an adumbration of the indistinct allegory and vague dramatic purport of the play. In the lyrics impressiveness is rare; it is found passingly in "Poetic Epigrams," of which I quote two, without observance of line-division: "The first rain on the grave, Of him I love . . . Soon the first grass will wave"; and, again, "In the least leaf of all Death takes, I hear the universes fall." The undoubted worth of these lines has not secured the author from writing: "All night the turgid tramp Of battle-shodden boots," or from mentioning buried soldiers in this fashion: "Our children now shall have of them But this—a little stench." At the back of the book, thirty consecutive pages of testimonials inculpate the taste of the publishers.

Posthumous feminine lyric rarely equals in interest the "Verse" of Adelaide Crapsey. Here are the two sources of power, an impulsive and passionate spirit, a chastened and solicitous art; but the fruitfulness is not large, and the union seems rather coexistence than wedlock. Take, for instance, this intaglio on the quest for immortality:

Too far afield they search. Nay, turn. Nay, turn.
At thine own elbow potent Memory stands,
Thy double, and eternity is cupped
In the pale hollow of those ghostly hands.

Here the modelling is Phidian, but the thought is pithless. In the address "To the Dead," contrariwise, the matter is incisive, but the art falters. Rapier and wrist are both apt, but they have not found each other. Yet I am not sure that they are severed in the following subtly simple quatrain which Robert Browning would have understood and liked. The monk comes from early mass into his garden:

The sky's the very blue Madonna wears;
The air's alive with gold! Mark you the way
The birds sing and the dusty shimmer of dew
On leaf and fruit? . . . Per Bacco, what a day!

Mr. Scollard's title and title-giving poem are delicately martial, but after these bugle-taps, his "oat proceeds" after its debonair wont, and the "Sicilian Muse" presides over the remainder of a mainly peaceful and idyllic volume. I doubt if I have ever found him more winningly and ripplingly pretty and I had hardly imagined—or remembered—the capacity for drama evinced in "The Ponale Road" and "Benvenuto." We are, of course, always in the meadows of literature; the scale, the vein, is Scollardesque; but the expectations which experience has duly tempered are duly fulfilled in the present volume. Three lines will suffice to recall his aroma:

A perfume faint as of forgotten sweets,
As though there came, far-borne through lonely streets,
The breath of violets from the grave of Keats!

Mr. Walsh's "Pilgrim Kings" contains among its Spanish vignettes a pretty story which may symbolize not inaptly his own fortune in this bright-colored, whimsically romantic volume. A Spanish peasant-girl was wont to accost the sculptured Virgin with brusque and jocular fellowship, and always evoked a mild response from the forgiving statue. Later, overheard and reproved by a priest, she learned to address the image in decorous and formal supplications.

"But in stone the Virgin listened—never smiled nor spoke again."

Substitute the Muse for the Virgin, and the last half of this story is an apologue of Mr. Walsh's fate. He has prayed diligently, but it is obedience to the literary cult, not the cry of his heart, that has found voice in his stately and gilded periods; and the deafness of the Muse has been inexorable.

I have not been able to read coldly the nineteen "Sonnets of Spinsterhood," in which Miss Longley delicately individualizes an experience which no commonness can render normal. The occasion is touching, and the literature, while certainly not great, is of force enough to second the occasion.

Empire and verse are two barriers to the demonstration of sincerity; it is no small proof of sheer manhood in the Emperor Meiji (1868-1912) that his expressions of tenderness for his people, of concern for the poor, of reverence for duty, should make their genuineness felt through the multiplied barriers of lyricism, of translation, of imperial authorship, and of foreign auditory. A solitude as profound as that of Marcus Aurelius has become the nursery of thoughts less austere, if also less august, than the Roman's, and bearing an equal stamp of unselfishness and verity. In these days proofs that emperors are men are welcome.

O. W. Firkins.

Notes from the Capital

FRANCIS JOSEPH HENEY.

So Francis Joseph Heney has made up his mind to drop out of the Progressive ranks for good and go over to the side of President Wilson? Well, it can hardly be said to be surprising, for he has always been a free lance in politics and gone where he pleased. He tired of the Progressive party three years ago, and then seemed inclined to go back into the Republican ranks and run for Senator. The trouble with the Progressive party, judged by his standards, is that it doesn't progress. He has no use for any one or anything that sits still, and whoever or whatever goes must go the whole length or fail of his approval. Had Roosevelt stayed in the field and made never so hopeless a fight, the chances are that Heney would have stayed with him; or, Roosevelt out, had Hughes run over to New York and walloped Hearst with a stick, Heney might have jumped aboard the Hughes band-wagon instead of tying up with Wilson.

To look at Heney, with his smooth-shaven face, his carefully parted and well-plastered blond hair, his gleaming, unrimmed spectacles, his modest and slender figure, and his uniformly neat costume, one might readily take him for a college professor—a specialist, perhaps, in mathematics—with an amiable disposition and gregarious instincts. As a fact, his only collegiate connection was a youthful one as a student at the University of California, and this was cut off in its prime because he resented something which a contributor to the undergraduate newspaper said about him. Resentment, with young Heney, was never a matter of mere feelings or words, but expressed itself in action; and after he had horsewhipped the editor and sought out the author of the article for the purpose of filling the waste spaces in his body with lead, the faculty decided to excuse him from further attendance.

But though a sheepskin diploma might be refused him at Berkeley, Heney was resolved to earn one of some other material in the great university of life. First, he taught an unruly school in Idaho till there were no more big boys to thrash into obedience; then he took saddle and lariat and went to work on a cattle ranch. But his social proclivities soon drew him into the companionship of the most popular lawyer in a neighboring mining camp. The lawyer became deeply involved in politics, and asked Heney to look after his business while he was off campaigning. The community was of the rough-and-ready sort typical of the place and time, and in one of the lawyer's absences his young assistant was appealed to for the defence of a gang of gamblers accused of murder. Apparently, nobody knew enough to object to his acting as counsel at the trial; and, as he won his case after a hard-fought battle in the course of which he had felt compelled to threaten to brain the prosecuting attorney with a chair, he was sure of a practice as soon as he had technically fitted himself for it. Off he went to a large town, studied law, and on his admission to the bar settled in Tucson, Ariz.

Everybody who practices law in Arizona practices politics also "on the side." Heney, having no fancy for the tame and ordinary things in life, waved a sad farewell to the wicked men who were running the public affairs of the Territory, and entered the lists as a full-armored champion of reform. He struck just the right time, was appointed United States District Attorney under the second Administration of Cleveland, and proceeded either to reform or to punish every evil-doer he could lay hands upon. If the offender chanced to be an old-time friend, or even a relative, he would give that man, if possible, a little worse dose of justice than he was dealing out to strangers. He made a particular point of unearthing past wrong-doings, which the guilty parties supposed were dead and buried and past resurrection. In the course of this line of investigation he discovered that some of the worst things had been done, not by the professionally wicked men, but by reformers wearing the same livery of virtue with himself. What the most desperate of the malefactors had found themselves unable to do, this revelation accomplished: it disgusted him with his job, and he resigned.

Also, he shook the dust of Arizona from his feet and went back to California. His practice there threw him amid new associations, and good fortune sent him to Washington to argue before the Supreme Court of the United States in defence of a Federal judge charged with complicity in a great fraud in Alaska. Attorney-General Knox, against whom he was pitted, was so impressed with his argument as to offer him employment as

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a special attorney for the Government in prosecuting the public land thieves of the West. Heney went at his task like a bloodhound on the trail of an assassin. He procured the indictment of one Senator and a number of other Government officers, and thus made himself known all over the country. A group of leading citizens of San Francisco, having resolved on driving out, at any cost, the criminal horde who were running their city, retained him to handle the business. Once more he triumphed, enjoying even the distinction of being shot by one of the grafting gang.

For the last half-dozen years we have heard only now and then from Heney, though this is no sign that he has not been abundantly busy. He has found time certainly to attend a convention or two, being conspicuous among the founders of the Progressive party in 1912, after having excited much discussion by a speech he made in behalf of Roosevelt's candidacy for the Republican nomination, which was as full of oratorical cayenne pepper as usual. What will happen if the pugnacious volunteer in the Wilson army gets out of patience with the scholarly deliberateness of his general and speaks his mind in the midst of the campaign, is one of the questions political observers are turning over in their minds. Heney has already made the full party circuit in the public service, from the Democracy of Cleveland, through the Republicanism of McKinley and the Progressivism of Roosevelt, back to the Democracy of Wilson. If he quits that, where is a place left for him to go? And he is still on the sunny side of sixty! TATTLER.

Correspondence

"GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No words are so often quoted as aptly characterizing the spirit of American institutions as those in which Lincoln defined it in his Gettysburg address. I notice that Bartlett seems to establish a relation between them and Daniel Webster's mention of "the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people," which occurs in his Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, made on January 26, 1830. (Cf. "Familiar Quotations," 9th ed. Boston, 1900, p. 532.)

It may interest some of your readers to learn that only a few weeks after this date a phrase much more closely resembling Lincoln's had been framed by a Swiss orator dealing with Swiss affairs. At a meeting of the Helvetic Society, held at Olten in the Canton of Solothurn on May 5, 1830, Dr. Schinz, a member of the Superior Court of the Canton of Zurich, had declared: "Alle Regierungen der Schweiz müssen es erkennen, dass sie bloss aus dem Volke, durch das Volk und für das Volk da sind." (Cf. Verhandlungen der Helvetischen Gesellschaft zu Olten im Jahre 1830, p. 107. "All Swiss governments must recognize that they are merely governments of the people, by the people, and for the people.")

This warning statement is all the more significant, as it was made on the eve of the revolutions which, in the course of that eventful year of 1830, overthrew the oligarchical governments in the most important cantons and thereby laid the foundation of modern democracy in Switzerland. Upon which foundation a Federal Constitution, much like its American model, was based in 1848.

In calling attention to this curious analogy, I naturally do not mean to do more than note one of the many external symptoms of the deep-rooted relationship which unites our two sister republics through the bond of true democracy. WILLIAM E. RAPPARD.

Valavran, near Geneva, Switzerland, June 12.

COMFORTS OF HOME FOR SOLDIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to enter a protest against the inhuman treatment accorded our brave soldier boys in the course of their transportation South. I have learned from the newspapers that the soldiers have had to suffer the indignity of riding in day coaches. This is horrible. Surely the first principle of military strategy demands that troops should not be required to move unless in Pullmans. How can they remain efficient if unprovided with parlor cars? But this is not all; many of the recruits were exposed to the sun when they left the train. I feel that this is a disgrace to our country. Some one should have met them at the depot with parasols. And what must we think of the fact that the soldiers were compelled for several nights to sleep with nothing between them and the bare ground except their blankets? Surely they had a right to expect feather beds at least. I shrewdly suspect that the newspapers have not told us the worst. Who knows whether all our soldiers are provided with valets or not? If the Wilson Administration has failed in this last respect as well as that of the Pullmans, parasols, and feather beds, it cannot hope to escape the just wrath of the people in November. R. S. COTTERILL.

Madison, Wis., July 12.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement has recently been made that the Carnegie Foundation, after an experience of ten years, has declared its working principles unsound and proposes to establish new rules of action. The question must naturally arise, What principles are unsound? All of them, or only certain of them? Several years ago it was repeatedly shown in the columns of the *Nation* that the whole proposition was un-American; but it has taken the management of the Trust ten years to arrive at this sure conclusion.

Financial and actuarial reasons are advanced for the change of policy; but nothing is said of those larger questions based upon religious motives and the supremacy of the state over any of its creatures. It seems a pity that this large plan of Mr. Carnegie's to provide annuities for retiring professors (afterwards styled a plan for the advancement of teaching) is now to be turned into a scheme for the imposition of insurance upon improvident professors.

However, it will probably be adopted, this beneficent recommendation of the executive committee, and the Carnegie Insurance Foundation will offer cut rates to all participating professors. But the opinion is held under some hats (softly, of course), that when an organization with millions at its disposal confesses after ten years of experimentation that its principles are unsound, there should be inaugurated not a change of policy but a change of management. Every one knows what an ordinary board of directors would do with such an annual report. J. P. CUSHING.

North Chatham, Mass., July 12.

THE JAVANESE UNDER DUTCH RULE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the above caption your correspondent at The Hague devotes one of his interesting letters to a discussion of Dutch East Indian affairs apropos of a meeting held at Amsterdam with the object of protesting against the sacrifices imposed upon the Dutch people by the mobilization of their army and continuous state of preparedness. The burden of his song, "that the expulsion of the Dutch [from the Malay Archipelago] would only bring [to the native] an exchange of masters and no change for the better," is furnished by a counter-protest from a Javanese, who expands upon the menace to Dutch rule in the Far East from the side of Japan.

This danger is certainly not imaginary. I pointed it out as long ago as 1894, when the course of the Chino-Japanese war began to reveal the existence in O-mi-kuni, the Great, August Country, of ambitious schemes for southern conquest. But, inferring from the pro-Dutch sentiment shown by the Javanese he quotes, that all the natives in the Dutch East Indies share those feelings, Dr. Barnouw forgets the homely truth which finds expression in an adage every Hollander is familiar with: One swallow does not make a summer. It seems also to have escaped him that during the debates in the States-General on the colonial budget for the current year much stress was laid on the unrest in the "exterior possessions," to wit, the outlying islands of Netherlands India, divided for administrative purposes from Java and dependencies. As regards that star island itself, he does indeed allude to the arrest of a certain Keil, accused of an attempt at starting an insurrection, but omits again to mention such disturbances as recently occurred, for instance, between Batavia and Buitenzorg, under the very nose of the Governor-General, where part of the population, maddened by excessive taxation, rose in rebellion, waving the Turkish flag.

The incessant and increasing activity of the tax-gatherer, in the first place, is responsible for the fact that the stronghold against the encroachments of foreign Powers which Baron Van Hoëvell advised the Dutch Government to build in the hearts of its Asiatic subjects, by righteousness and equity, still lacks the beginnings of a foundation. Turning to other desiderata: the improvement in education over which Dr. Barnouw gets so enthusiastic, trusting in a periodical display of good intentions, conformable to ethical theories of the highest order, amounts in practice to very little. The grandiloquent talk about improvement at The Hague is a question quite different from real improvement in the Dutch East Indies. Wonderfully fine professions result now, as they always did, in the poorest imaginable performance; greed and sloth convert the noblest motives aired at home into most ignoble acts of spoliation in the colonies. And so it happens that, in these troublous times, Holland's vast and by nature marvellously rich possesions in Asia,

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thanks to their despoiled and defenceless condition, are an element of weakness in her international position, instead of an element of strength, as they could and should be, as a wiser, less extortionate colonial policy would have made them. J. F. SCHELTEMA.

New Haven, Conn., June 23.

RED LIGHTS OF PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have recently called attention to the sort of "realism" that the modern theatre-goer admires. The ethical teaching he applauds is likewise wonderful. Consider, for example, the edifying morality of that popular success, "The Eternal Magdalene."

Two of the favorite dogmas of this highly moral age are brilliantly illustrated in its action and personages. Gleason, an evangelist of the Billy Sunday type, endeavoring to raise the wicked world to his own level; Mr. Bradshaw, financing Gleason, and striving to solve the social evil as he desires, and Mrs. Bradshaw, aiding her husband by personal investigation, are actuated by the new ethical discovery that, if we are to have progress, everybody must mind everybody else's business. The theological sanction for this sublime principle is, of course, found in "Vox populi, vox Dei." No one can deny that we are truly religious when we have social service of all sorts, and when a gossipy curiosity about others' affairs pervades every circle, from the New York "400" to the crowd about the cider barrel in any backwoods town. He who does not take it upon himself to mind the business of others in some form or fashion should be regarded as not in a state of grace. The twentieth-century dramatist has seen the light, and holds fast by the faith that those who are incapable of looking out for themselves must look out for others.

In "The Eternal Magdalene" one observes—at first with alarm—a discordant note in the uplifting harmony of this teaching. It is uttered by Bellamy, a young reporter, who in talking with Mr. Bradshaw becomes positively sacrilegious when he says of Gleason, the Billy Sunday evangelist: "He couldn't hear God calling with a megaphone if he didn't hear the clink of your dollars first." Nor can this outrageous young man see the spiritual beauty and power of the story of David and Goliath in these terms: "Now, little Dave put a pill in his sling and pegged it, beaning Goliath on the coco, between the lamps, and so croaked the big guy." Noble thoughts, so beautifully expressed, would no doubt have sent Emerson into a transcendental rapture and added tremendously to the power of Phillips Brooks's sermons. But poor Bellamy is so lacking in moral insight and lofty idealism that he is unable to appreciate them. Nevertheless, as most well-educated people can draw spiritual sustenance from the Gospel as voiced by Billy Sunday, we may look forward to the canonization of that worthy gentleman in confidence that his name will shed additional lustre on the ranks of St. Paul, St. Augustine, Martin Luther, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, and Emerson.

The second great moral point of the play is that free discussion of sexual relations and the social evil is necessary to salvation. We are convinced that the Puritans were mere prudes, and that Victorian reticence was one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell mankind. What could be more to the purpose than the extremely edifying speech of Blanche Dumond on prostitutes? This lady, a leader in her chosen profession, gives us an historical retrospect of the famous practitioners of her art. Her dissertation includes such beautiful characters as Cleopatra, Camille, Madame de Pompadour, and Catherine of Russia, who are lavishly praised. As it is natural to turn one's back on success, we must assume that this sermon will lessen the evil of prostitution, just as the "Glory Stories" in praise of the masters of finance decrease stock gambling.

The closing speech of the Magdalene lets us know that she "was made immortal by the touch of His hand," and that "as an eternal being she goes down the ages." This is a very useful reminder to some that prostitution exists under the highest possible sanction. We look forward with pleasure to the day in the near future when, this truth being realized, drawing-rooms in the best circles will be open to women of pleasure.

Founded upon two such splendid moral precepts, this play is highly successful. The millennium is not far away if others will only work on these lines: Let the red light be waved on high until all see by its lurid glare; let us all mind anybody's business but our own. J. S. BROWN, JR.

Cambridge, Mass., March 30.

AN INCENTIVE TO STUDY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To a layman it would seem that our educators' most important duty is to teach their pupils *how to study.* In comparison with this, *what* is taught is of little consequence. Once this faculty is developed all branches will be quite easy.

Criticism is valueless unless constructive; hence I venture to recall something out of my own experience when a boy. The method, herein very briefly described, is based on the belief that reward is a better incentive to faithful work than punishment. In illustration, assume that I am a teacher with full power to carry out my ideas. I would use the last hour of the school session for this experiment. Let us, for example, take a lesson in history (or arithmetic or, indeed, any branch), and thus proceed:

"Boys, have your history books ready but closed tight. The next lesson is Chapter IX, beginning on page 78. At the word 'go,' open your books and learn the lesson as quickly as you can, but, also, thoroughly. The boy who so learns the lesson *first,* will raise his hand. I shall test his knowledge at once. If I am satisfied that he does know it thoroughly, he can leave the school immediately. The others in like manner can follow him in turn, as each masters the lesson. But, if a boy wrongly claims to have done so, he will have to remain in school after the session for a time proportionate to his errors." I refrain from entering into further details, and some obvious precautions which will occur to all interested.

There can be no doubt that a class so handled would get over twice or thrice as much ground in a given time as another working on the present lines.

Concentration and abstraction, the fundamentals of knowing *how* to study, would, incidentally, be acquired by practically every boy in that class, while all would look forward with zest to the closing hour as the cream of the day. CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

Pomfret, Conn., June 20.

Literature

THE DOCTRINE OF ADAPTATION.

Social Adaptation: A Study in the Development of the Doctrine of Adaptation as a Theory of Social Progress. By L. M. Bristol. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. (David A. Wells Prize Essay.) $2 net.

Professor Bristol begins and ends with the concept of adaptation: his main purpose is "to trace the development of this doctrine as a theory of social progress," and his second aim is to indicate its utility "in interpreting various phases of social endeavor." Following Carver, he classifies adaptation into four forms: passive physical, passive spiritual, active material, and active spiritual. "The purpose of this book," he writes, "is thus to show how the doctrine of adaptation is coming more and more to be considered as the key to social philosophy and its manifold problems, and how this doctrine has evolved until at present it is being applied to the process by which man and social groups, by taking thought, transform their material and spiritual environment, and to the process by which they become conformed into more or less agreement with their ideals and with the World All or God."

The method of this book is not to demonstrate adaptation by collections of original evidence, but rather to extract from a long list of authors their conceptions of adaptation, where one is shown. It is a comparison of theories rather than an attempt to do anything with the facts. Passive physical and "physio-social" adaptation is shown to be the conception of biological evolutionists (Lamarck and Mendel, for example); of neo-Darwinian sociologists (Nietzsche, Pearson), and of the environmental school of sociologists (Marx, Ratzel). Passive spiritual adaptation is recognized in the works of those sociologists who regard society as an organism (Schäffle, Durkheim); the anthropological sociologists (Sumner, Boas); the historical sociologists (Gumplowicz, Bagehot); and those who emphasize one all-important formula or principle (Tarde, Giddings). Active material adaptation is the form exhibited by those who stress the importance of invention and production (Ward, Carver); and active spiritual adaptation is the theory of Novicov, Thomas Carlyle, and Ross, who, in their several ways, are interested in "the purposeful adjustment of the individual to his spiritual environment, social, ideal, and transcendental, the work of true teachers and social reformers, and purposeful social control." The works and points of view of some forty-odd writers who seem to the author to have characteristic ideas on adaptation, are analyzed, compared, and criticised.

Now, all this is exceedingly well done; and it forms the bulk of the book. Professor Bristol has not set himself the same task as did Barth, in his "Philosophie der

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Geschichte als Sociologie," but the two authors naturally run side by side over certain stretches; and it seems to us that the American by no means suffers from the inevitable comparison. Irrespective of his centre of interest in adaptation, the latter has produced, in his series of critical analyses, something which any student of sociological systems, especially a beginner, ought to be glad to get hold of. These estimates are clear, mature, and, we believe, as fair as such valuations can well be made. The tenets of this or that sociological or other writer are not infrequently expressed more clearly and simply here than in the original. There is no waste verbiage. There is in evidence the power of entering into the circumstances and mental attitude of the author epitomized, and doing him all the justice that could reasonably be asked. And if the criticism seems sometimes to be too dogmatic or unqualified, pro or con, the feeling is that the critic could go into the desirable detail easily enough, if some one wanted to pursue him thither.

These remarks indicate that the book under review is a valuable and useful one; and that is the conviction we have wished to convey. But this does not at all imply that we find ourselves in agreement with all the individual estimates made, nor yet with the views and theories of the author. For instance, we should not subscribe to the assumption "that savages of these later centuries are like those of earliest time," or that "mind is essentially the same in its operations and manifestations everywhere and in all ages," simply on the basis of authority—just because this view "is accepted so generally to-day that it must be regarded as of scientific worth." Might not the same thing have been said once of many a popular delusion, and one shared by the wise of their day, as, for instance, that concerning witchcraft? It is one of the difficulties with this sort of book, which does not go back to the facts but confines itself to the comparison of theories, that it is prone to accept tests of validity not at all palatable to a scientist.

Again, we should not be willing to receive forthwith into our arsenal of preparedness against Chaos and Old Night the "inverse-historical" method; there is a sort of instinctive suspicion aroused that "inverse" means "non" or "un-." But it seems not to occur to the author to question its validity or discriminate in its use. This point demands, perhaps, a brief development. "To the methods of sociological investigation outlined by Comte, he [Carver] adds a fifth, viz., the study of social forces now at work, and holds that, instead of interpreting present events solely in the light of historical analyses, the more effective method is to interpret both the present and the past by an analysis of forces now at work." This a "new" method! Well, it is the one practiced complacently by Rousseau and others; and they succeeded in projecting their own ideas squarely into the interpretation of the life and mind of the "noble savage." It is what historians try hardest not to do; it is what has brought great discredit upon sociology. To get a true idea of the present war, we are continually told, we must leave it to the historians of the next generations. Why? Because we are too near, are in the midst of the heat and the dust of it; and, being but human, are irritated, or jubilant, or otherwise emotionally moved, so that we are unfitted to pass judgment. If we judge now, we judge from the standpoint of our own interests and biasses. To get at the truth in matters touching the life and evolution of society we need to be more cool and dispassionate than any entomologist studying an insect. But we can get into that state—any one of us, however emancipated—for the study of life around us in society, only with the greatest difficulty and in connection with only a few of its aspects and phases. For that life is part of us, and unconsciously moulds us to its type and predisposes us to judge everything from its codes and norms. We need distance and detachment for correct judgment; and that is what the historical method gives us. It is not asserted that the "inverse-historical" method is of no value or validity; but there is fetish in the name, and an author as critical as our present one seems to have been hypnotized a trifle by it. In any case, he does not warn us of the dangers lurking here. He might at least have remarked that, though the form in which he states this principle of interpreting the past by the present has a ring of Lyell and Darwin about it, it may be a deceptive ring; for it should be realized that Lyell was dealing with rocks and strata, upon which human feelings, prejudices, illusions from nearness, etc., do not so naturally and inevitably centre as they do upon human life in society.

One more criticism of lesser importance on this part of the book. There is some disproportion in the space assigned to various authors; and in some instances this leads to a slackening of interest. The proportion preserved is generally so good that such cases stand out. If this part of the book were less excellent than it is, there would be less use in mentioning its faults.

When the digests and comments upon its selected list of writers is completed, the bulk of this volume, and also the best of it, to our mind, lie before us. Like most books on philosophy—this one is "social philosophy"—the historical part is the more valuable. As his own contribution to social theory, Professor Bristol works out eventually into what he calls "social-personalism." "By this phrase is meant that the acme of cosmic evolution is not the social group even in its collective activity (unless it can be interpreted as a quasi-personality), but the individual person, for personality alone has power over the cosmic process, the group always acting in the initiative of persons, but this personality socially determined and with a social goal." This social-personalism includes the following elements: (1) the supreme worth of the individual; (2) the individual goal of self-development and social efficiency; (3) the responsibility of society for the character of every personality (a society, we are informed, "can have the kind of members it really wants"); (4) the general ideal for every social quasi-personality (or unity) of social exemplification (example-setting—a term coined by the author), "*i. e.*, to work out such an organized life and one so fruitful in securing the highest possible well-being of its members and of humanity as a whole, that it will spread by reflective imitation on the part of other social unities"; (5) the social goal of functioning in a more inclusive unity. Thus will come the Kingdom of God throughout the earth, through the "gospel of social-personalism," working "by purposeful *idealization*, *innovation*, *imitation*, and *exemplification*."

The function of the sociologist, said H. G. Wells upon a time, should be to construct utopias. Truly so, if sociology is to be really a philosophy and not a science. It is the danger of even skilful theory-juggling that it shall inspire the manipulator to outtheorize the theorists. We cannot regard this new theory, from the scientific standpoint, with much concern. It is to us a kind of poetry, and would be better set in dithyrambic form. But we stand upon our admiration of the reviews and analyses of the forty-odd writers, and reaffirm our words of appreciation of them.

CURRENT FICTION.

Those Gillespies. By William J. Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In this pleasantly executed little story Mr. Hopkins shows his skill at a species of social comedy which is already a bit antiquated. Matters have moved briskly during the past two decades. Various graceful illusions have vanished, among them that of woman as the creature with the side-glance and the frou-frou who captivated us in the day of the Dolly Dialogues. Anthony Hope himself gave up that lady, that obsolete boudoir person, long since. Elsewhere echoes of her still linger, as in the novels of E. F. Benson, or of "our Mr. Hopkins." The supposed time of this narrative is, we take it, the present. The motor-car figures a good deal; otherwise the atmosphere, like the persons, might be of the nineties. Are we to gather that certain things survive in Boston? Mrs. Gillespie is strongly suggestive of Dolly herself—the pretty, petulant, exacting, aging married coquette, who finds herself bored with domesticity, and whose life is compact of tiny intrigues and triflings with fire. Mrs. Gillespie's husband adores her, and she really has a strong feeling for him, but, with not a little assistance from the author, they succeed in misunderstanding each other very thoroughly indeed. The author, to be sure, makes up handsomely for his part, in the end. There is a philandering male in the offing named Dean, very much a lady's hero, with his dashing looks and cynical ways. After the habit of

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his kind, he does all he conveniently can to "compromise" Mrs. Gillespie without letting himself in for anything. But the author packs him off to Paris in the end, and the Gillespies are left to rediscover each other and to be happy ever after. Perhaps this wedded romance should not receive precedence over the fresher affair of Jack Ransden and Kitty Gillespie, two estimable young Bostonians who, deserving well, duly get each other. And there is a rather sublimated infant, Rudolph, who is distinctly of the machine.

Gossamer. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

As a serious speaker, Canon Hannay is no doubt able to make himself sufficiently impressive. But it is as a humorist that he has got himself read, and he has done a wise thing in keeping this story in the lighter key, serious as his theme is. He really has something new and forcible to say here. In a way, it is a plea for that under-dog of current literature, the financier. It asks us to uncurl the lip of scorn, and to look upon the man of affairs not merely as a fellow-being, but as a public servant of a very high order. The "gossamer" of the title is that filmy network of international credit upon which, the writer holds, the prosperity and even the safety of the civilized world hangs. It needs very little to disturb that fabric, finance must be incessantly busy spinning, weaving, patching, supporting, so that no momentary breach may really affect the integrity of the structure as a whole. This is Canon Hannay's theme, but he does not permit it to ride him.

The story may serve very well to amuse you if you do not care for its moral. It is a story of three men, told by one of them, Sir Henry Digby, an Irish absentee landlord who has at last divested himself of his lands, to become a genial and self-sufficient wanderer and man without a country. He is a fair specimen of the aristocratic type, accomplished, cynical, a harmless enough spectator of life. The second man, Gorman, represents the class which has long been succeeding the Digbys and their kind, upon the land and elsewhere in Irish life. He is a man of the people and a vulgar fellow (the same thing in British fiction), thriving, unscrupulous, without patriotic or gentlemanly code to constrain him; promoter, politician, and privateer. The third man, Asher, though of German birth, has lived long in England and become a leader in British finance. Personally, he is of quiet, cultivated tastes; and, otherwise, absorbed in a romantic passion for one woman, his wife of many years. These three men are thrown together upon a transatlantic liner. Gorman is immensely curious about Asher, who accepts his advances modestly and willingly, though this involves acceptance of a good deal of demagogic mouthing about financiers as parasites and blood-hunters and what-not. Asher's wife, on the surface, is a woman of fads and poses, and takes to Gorman and to Gorman's young genius-brother, and to any man who appears to embody virility in one form or other. But she is really as deeply in love with her husband as he with her. Well, there are sundry incidents which serve to bring out these contrasting characters—Digby's languor as relieved by the patrician code of honor, Gorman's selfish individualism apparent behind the flimsy veil of fine phrases with which he professionally plays, Asher's gentle preference for happiness inhibited by his high sense of public duty. And the outbreak of the war displays these traits in the strongest possible light. Digby, disclaiming ardent patriotism, has yet been a British officer, and now joins the colors and wins his D. S. O., as the day's work of a gentleman in the circumstances. Gorman stays out of it, in his convenient rôle of statesman. Asher—what shall he do? He is a German—the tie of blood calls him. His sympathies, and habits of thought, and business relations, are English. Shall he take himself and his wealth to Germany, or shall he simply retire from affairs, and be happy with the woman of his heart? He decides that he can do neither of these things. For the sake of the web, of the world-credit which he helps to support, he sticks to his post—one of the most original and appealing figures in recent fiction.

Fulfillment. By Emma Wolf. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Overflowing sentiment may sometimes coexist with a considerable degree of good sense. A classic instance is Meredith's immortal Mrs. Berry. The author of "Fulfillment," though different enough from Mrs. Berry in most respects, seems to resemble her in having this combination of sense and sensibility. The sense appears in the general plan of the story, and in the conception of the main characters; the sentimentality largely in the style, and in the rather neurotic sympathy with which the heroine's emotions are analyzed and described. Gwen Heath, a clever and high-strung girl with what an unsympathetic reader might call a tendency towards hysteria, falls in love with a successful dramatist, Austin Dane. Not until Dane believes he has won her does he tell her that he has a wife and child living in London, and that he expects her to consent to an irregular union. She turns from him in anger and horror, but she still loves him, and he knows that she does. In her mad reaction she marries in haste an excellent but rather prosaic young man who has long been her lover. She repents also in haste; and then at her leisure repents of her repentance. This plot might form the basis of a really strong novel; it does not, chiefly because of the high-pitched sentimentality of the tone and style. For this writer, the extravagant word is always the right word, and the shrill superlative, or something else as ear-piercing, shrieks on almost every page. Sometimes this tone sounds rather forced; we may hope that it is the result of artifice rather than of nature, since in that case it may perhaps be laid aside for a better modulated and more expressive manner of speech. In "Fulfillment" it has spoiled a promising story.

THE LIFE OF REASON.

The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co. $1 net.

This is a collection of four academic discourses, of which three, inspired by Phi Beta Kappa Societies and graduating classes, quite consistently praise the life of reason. Professor Erskine's point of view differs little from that taken by Matthew Arnold when he talked to the English people about Hebraism and Hellenism. He would commend conduct if he were not engrossed in enlightening conduct. If he attends rather to thought than to action, it is not that he loves the Hebrews less, but that he loves the Greeks more.

It ought to be said in passing that Arnold's distinction between the Hebrews and the Hellenes, based in great part on the difference between Plato and the Old Testament, is at present somewhat misleading. To many observers it is beginning to appear that the open, restless, curious, inquiring, penetrating mind of modern times is the Jewish mind; and the descendants of men who came over in the Mayflower may not infrequently be heard asking uneasily how long it will be before the Jews are doing the thinking for the country. When that day comes, we shall have a new pair of terms: Hebraism for the lovers of light, and Yankeeism for those who clamor for action and chant with set faces, "Right or wrong, my country."

Professor Erskine looks with a friendly eye upon the non-Teutonic immigrants in the United States, and upon the criticism of our unintellectual habits, which comes from them. The Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic people generally, he holds, are predisposed to exalt will as compared with intelligence, and benevolence as compared with vision. English literature exhibits and fosters a kind of sentimental affection for amiable fools and well-intentioned blunderers. We profess faith in an orderly universe, but we applaud manifestations of miraculous influences, as in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Servant in the House." Commencement orators with childlike faith in the magical powers of a college course urge the young generation to go forth and reform the world. Mr. Erskine pleads for a more comprehensive scientific spirit, for a keener loyalty to the ideals and obligations of educated men; and, at the risk of being charged with preaching a gospel of selfishness, he argues that the true calling of an intelligent man in these days is to make himself still more intelligent.

For though he does not exactly say that there is no sin but ignorance, he believes that the most important moral and social

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problems of our day are to be solved by untraditional applications of intellect rather than by the old-fashioned unilluminated English virtues of courage and steadfastness. "We"—that is, the unregenerate Anglo-Saxons among us—"make a moral issue of an economic or social question, because it seems ignoble to admit it is simply a question for intelligence." The truth of this generalization is up to the intellectual radicals for demonstration.

With singular inconsistency Professor Erskine abandons the intelligence when he comes to explain the "mind of Shakespeare," and accounts for the dramatist's works by a kind of natural magic. There is no reason, he admits, why great intellect and great poetic faculty should not meet in the same person; "but it seems that they did not meet in Shakespeare." Those who consider Shakespeare's achievement rather better than tolerable are thus forced by Professor Erskine himself to conclude that intelligence is not so important after all. Those, on the other hand, who cling to intelligence as the supreme faculty are driven to conclude that Shakespeare was not so important after all. As neither conclusion appeals very strongly to common-sense, one is tempted to reject the account of Shakespeare's mind on which they are based.

SENTENCE PRONOUNCED.

Germany vs. Civilization. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

At once popular and authoritative, Mr. Thayer's short volume is among the best written on the contentions of the war. Style and argument are alike admirably clear, and throughout the author sticks close to the thesis expressed in his title. The position which he takes is not that of counsel, even for the prosecution. It is frankly that of judge. The evidence, he assumes, is all in. It remains for him to sum up and pronounce sentence. And this he does in trenchant fashion, repeating the essential facts of the case, clarifying but not amplifying the testimony, and returning, finally, as severe an indictment of the aggressor in this war as has been given by any neutral historian. One serious fault should not go unnoticed. That is an occasional tendency, surprising in an historian of Mr. Thayer's distinction, to repeat scraps of gossip which may or may not be true, but which at present at any rate are not susceptible of proof. One instance of this vice is found on page 128, where he cites the remark the Crown Prince is alleged to have made to his father, on the latter's return to Berlin on the eve of war: "Father, you arrive too late." Another is on page 171, where the story is repeated that the German troops, on entering Brussels, were informed that they were in Paris. The fact that he thinks it worth while to retail tittle-tattle of this kind will certainly be seized upon by opponents to cast doubts on the validity of his general argument.

Beginning with a chapter on the distinction between the Prussian and the non-Prussian Germany and a handsome tribute to "that other Germany which many men and women not yet past middle age remember with affection and now with the regret born of a tragic disillusion," Mr. Thayer proceeds to his explanation of the present Germany which first startled and soon horrified the world. The insidious change which has spread over the Germany of many happy memories is not, he thinks, attributable solely to the malign influence of Prussian domination. This is only one part of the explanation. The other is a "calling back to life of certain atavistic passions common to the ancestors of Teutonic stock." Following these two clues through the pages of history, our author finds that two traits have persisted in the German character: one is bloodthirstiness and the other submissiveness, and of this combination the fine flower is the present German military machine, with its superb organization and its brutal ruthlessness.

On these two qualities hang all the German law and the prophets, the law of the primacy of the state "above Society or the individual," the prophets—Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the rest, including the ninety and three grave professors who put their names to that sorry document at the beginning of the war: "The naïveté of her [Germany's] astonishment [*i. e.*, at the world's indignation over the invasion of Belgium] measures the insoluble residue of barbarism in the German nature—even in the ninety-three intellectuals." To the same sources may be traced the self-conceit which regards the German race as a chosen people, and is genuinely puzzled that other nations decline to recognize this superiority; the mendacity, so strikingly exhibited in the heterogeneous explanations of the origins of the war and the violation of Belgian neutrality; the extraordinary conception of Kultur, of which, in Mr. Thayer's words, "the army . . . is the cardinal instrument and prop, . . . and the Krupp howitzer its fittest emblem"; even the Kaiser himself and the Prussian "Gott," his inseparable companion.

Apart from a chapter on How the Atrocious War Began, which summarizes admirably the evidence more fully analyzed in such books as Mr. Beck's "The Evidence in the Case," Mr. Thayer's most useful contribution in this volume is his exposition of the thesis outlined above. When he deals, as he does in a few chapters, with the war's reactions in America, he falls under suspicion of being more partisan and less judicial. All genuine Americans will share his indignation over the activities of Dr. Dernburg and his crew expressed in the chapter Germanizing America, but many will deprecate the violence of his indictment of the Administration. One need not approve President Wilson's whole policy to discountenance such a statement as: "Only once before in the history of this Republic had its President stood by while those who were plotting its subversion worked unchecked; that President was James Buchanan." Mr. Thayer takes far higher ground when, in expressing the belief that this country should have protested at the violation of Belgium and quoting among the arguments advanced against such a course that "a moral protest not backed up by physical force would be futile," he adds the ejaculation, "as if a moral act could ever be futile!" There jumps to the mind the very different implication made by President Wilson during his "preparedness" tour of the West.

INTRODUCING AMERICAN LITERATURE TO AUSTRIA.

American Literature. By Leon Kellner, Professor in the University of Czernowitz. Translated from the German by Julia Franklin. With a Preface by Gustav Pollak. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents.

The translator of this book had intended to submit her work to the author for correction, but the European war prevented. The author had, however, empowered the translator to "make any changes in proof which were in the direction of greater accuracy in detail." These circumstances are, of course, somewhat unfortunate; yet there is nothing in them to prevent the book from being judicious in opinion or accurate in fact. It is, however, far from being either judicious or accurate.

Misprints—especially in the names of authors—are frequent, and so are errors of fact. Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads" did not appear in 1859, but between 1882 and 1898. Thoreau was not "buried on the shore of Walden Pond," but in Sleepy Hollow; and his "solitary existence" by the lake is a myth to any one who has read the sixth chapter of "Walden." To call Lowell the first to assert "the right of Americans to their own individuality in language and style" is to ignore—the Hartford Wits aside—Emerson's "American Scholar" (1837), to which the textbooks have long been applying almost precisely the language ("a veritable declaration of independence of American literature") in which Professor Kellner characterizes the "Fable for Critics" of 1848. Of the "Biglow Papers" we read that here Lowell "entirely renounced . . . labored, grotesque rhymes," a generalization which might mislead us had not the author kindly introduced upon the following page an extract from the poem, in which "freedom" rhymes with "lead 'em," "Cæsar" with "cheese air," "sin to rest" with "interest," and "Paris is" with "Pharisees." After that it comes as an anticlimax to find "The Scarlet Letter" called "a historical tale," to be compelled to reconsider the case of John Milton in the light of the statement that "representation of mankind in an epic . . . totally violated the Puritanic spirit," to note that "Emerson alone recognized the merit" of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass,"

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or that "every poetical species" save the epic is represented by Eugene Field.

That the author gives Holmes fifteen pages and Lowell nine, or that Eugene Field's dialect poems of the West remind him "by their rhythm, and their diction in general, of Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballads'" matters little: one can still retain one's opinion. That he finds Parsons to have "neither deep emotion, nor thought, nor melody, nor taste" does not matter, either: one can set one's self right by re-reading the "Lines on a Bust of Dante," which Stedman pronounced "in structure, diction, loftiness of thought . . . the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue." One can also keep one's private judgment in the matter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," than which, says our professor, "nothing stronger has flowed from the pen of Whittier himself."

But what is this? "When Carlyle was at the zenith of his fame (1866) Lowell wrote that estimate, which, with all its urbanity and reverence, made the hollow thunder-din of Carlyle's verbosity ridiculous." And again: "But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century the intimate intercourse between the wealthy classes of England and America resulted in America's once more falling under the yoke of English society." We are living at a time when such words should not be lightly used except by persons whose main purpose is not the consideration of literature.

Whether the book has been done badly or not, however, Professor Kellner's aim—to make the culture of one people known to another—is so important, especially at the present time, that we are indebted to him for having thought it worth while to introduce our literature to his people.

Notes

The Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of "Our Eastern Question," by Thomas F. Millard.

"A Citizens' Army," by Julian Grande, will be published next month by Robert M. McBride & Co.

Harper & Brothers announce the following books for publication on July 20: "The Thirteenth Commandment," by Rupert Hughes; "Expert Auction," by E. V. Shepard, and "Retail Selling," by James W. Fisk.

Frederick A. Stokes's list for August contains the following announcements of juvenile books: "Marjorie's Literary Dolls," by Patten Beard; "Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories" and "Daddy's Bedtime Fairy Stories," by Mary G. Bonner; "Self-Made Pictures for Children," by C. Durand Chapman; "Buster Brown, the Little Rogue" and "Foxy Grandpa's Merry Book" (Comic Juveniles); "Forest Friends," by Royal Dixon; "Uncle Sam Detective," by W. A. DuPuy; "The Indian Fairy Book."

It is difficult to do impartial justice to a work which, like Charles R. Brown's "The Northern Confederacy According to the Plans of the Essex Junto, 1796-1814" (Princeton Univ. Press; 75 cents), combines much useful substance with a singularly crude and unsatisfactory performance. There was need of a special study of the Essex Junto, and Mr. Brown's monograph, accepted as a doctoral dissertation at Princeton, gives an orderly account of the chief activities of that interesting political body. More than this, however, can hardly be said in its favor. The author's style fairly bristles with rhetorical defects, while the numerous misprints and erratic punctuation seem to indicate extraordinary carelessness in proof-reading. Most of the authorities cited are secondary sources; the only manuscript authorities referred to, the Pickering Papers, curiously credited in the bibliography to the "Boston Historical Society, Boston, Mass.," do not appear to have been much used; and the list of contemporary newspapers omits the *New England Palladium*, one of the most important organs of the Junto. The John Henry documents are discussed without reference to the light thrown upon them by the "Report on Canadian Archives" for 1896. The fact that the thesis was accepted in 1913, but not published until late in 1915, may account for the omission of any reference to S. E. Morison's "Life of Harrison Gray Otis," but the material embodied in that work, and in Professor Beard's recent "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy," necessitates a revision of parts of Mr. Brown's study.

Though scholars may be annoyed at the absence of footnotes and an index, the general reader will find in "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," by Charles H. Sherrill (Scribner; $2 net), a good deal of the agreeableness in speech and dress that made our forefathers welcome Lafayette, Rochambeau, the Prince de Broglie, the Duc de Lauzun, and their gallant and charming companions. After a short account of these visitors, Mr. Sherrill digests—to a total of some three hundred pages—their very piquant and instructive observations under such headings as Dancing, Visits, Etiquette, Dress, Country Life, Religious Observances, and many other matters, mostly externals. Upon every one of these subjects we have, of course, the more naïve evidence afforded by American diaries, letters, and other records: the special value of the memoirs here so pleasantly extracted is in their temper, which is at once aloof, kindly, and acute. Many, we hope, will at least be persuaded to coquet for an hour or two with a subject which, but for such books as this, would probably be neglected except by students. Those whose interest is not so much in getting up Mr. Sherrill's topics as in forming a total impression of any one of our French visitors must turn elsewhere—perhaps to the memoirs themselves, on which Mr. Sherrill has made a useful bibliographical note.

"The German Empire Between Two Wars," by Prof. Robert Herndon Fife, of Wesleyan University (Macmillan; $1.50 net), is not so much a systematic history as an attempt to explain conditions in Germany as they were two years ago. The sketch of the Empire's foreign relations since the treaty of Frankfort furnishes an opportunity to discuss most of the vital causes of the present war. Though the author passes judgment freely on individual questions, he is neutral in avoiding any expression of sympathy in regard to the outcome of the war as a whole. In his discussion of the internal problems of Germany, Professor Fife shows marked democratic sympathies. He is convinced that the causes underlying Germany's apparent lack of inner development are closely interwoven with the foreign relations of the Empire, and that there exist many liberal tendencies which only await a favorable moment to come to the surface. The concluding section of the book is a sort of addendum on city, school, and press in Germany. The author gives an eminently just appraisal of the merits and defects of German newspapers. He commends their freedom from sensationalism and from commercialism, but notes also their lack of enterprise, dulness of style, subserviency to Governmental control (a legacy from Bismarck), and their extremely partisan temper. The only error of fact observed in this fair-minded and readable book is on page 373, where 1906 instead of 1908 is given as the date of the Kaiser's interview in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The same irenical tone which has characterized most of Prof. Kuno Francke's utterances in the last two years is again to be found in his latest volume, "The German Spirit" (Holt; $1 net), consisting of three short papers, two of which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first of the essays deplores the ignorance of German literature which prevails in America. In the second the author endeavors to show that the ideals of contemporary Germany are essentially the same as those of the age of Goethe, Schiller, and Kant, though he is willing to admit that a certain spirit of superciliousness has developed of recent years in the ruling classes. The most interesting of the three papers is on "Germany's Contribution to Civilization," which is not a recapitulation of the achievements of individual Germans, but an attempt to fix the type of personality which the German nation has created. The salient characteristics of this personality are, according to the author, the sense of public responsibility (devotion to outward authority, others might call it), and fulness of the inner life. And in turn this *Innerlichkeit*, which is the most vaunted quality of the Germans, manifests itself most strikingly in contempt for appearances, delight in small things, a sense of the spiritual oneness of all things, and a disdain of intellectual compromises. Professor Francke has occasionally been compared with Carl Schurz. The comparison is superficial, because the Harvard professor lacks utterly the spirit of '48. The average American is not to be persuaded that a government from the top down, however benevolent in its intentions and efficient in its administration, is anything but antipodal to real democracy.

"Railway Monopoly and Rate Regulation" is somewhat misleading as a title for a doctor's thesis, by Robert J. McFall, recently published under the authority of the Columbia University faculty (Longmans). Its theme is the troublesome problem now at the forefront of discussion among railway regulating bodies—the proper basis of rate-making and the significance of valuation. It would be a comparatively simple matter to devise a scheme of rate-making satisfactory to regulator and regulated could we destroy existing structures

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and organizations and practice, and begin anew. Unfortunately, however, we must take the railway as we find it after allowing it to develop almost at will for many decades, and do what we can to correct abuses, with proper regard at the same time for rights honestly acquired and long possessed.

The author's thesis may be briefly stated. Railway monopoly has proved to be of distinct social advantage. The principle of consolidation should be extended to include weak connecting lines in order that the strength of the profitable companies may sustain the weakness of the unprofitable, without an undue burden on the public. In much of this country, particularly the East, the principle of diminishing cost with increase of business is no longer present to any degree, and this principle can no longer be relied upon to insure declining rates. In fact, the tendency is in the contrary direction. In this assertion, for it amounts to little else so far as this book is concerned, the author is sustained by recent writers, notably Lorenz, who have given the law of increasing returns exhaustive study. Regulation then becomes a necessity. Railways must be allowed a return sufficient to assure to the country adequate service, both now and in the future. In competitive territory, the "marginal" line which must be kept in business is the weakest of the competitors, and at the same time it should be a line that has been correctly placed with a view to needs of traffic, and properly managed. Any road below this margin should reorganize. Rate schedules, which, of course, must be sufficient for the marginal line, are to be based on the value of the property, determined for plants already existing on the cost-of-reproduction-less-depreciation theory, and for future increments of property on actual investment. Rates for individual shipments are to conform to this system by using ascertained costs of specific services as a minimum, and adding thereto an increment determined for each commodity according to its elasticity of demand; in other words, according to what is commonly known as "value of service." While all this seems somewhat complicated, upon second thought it is not very far removed from the practice which has been followed by our regulating bodies in many decisions for many years. The thesis, though somewhat rambling and diffuse, gathers together in convenient form much of present discussion. Yet it fails to measure up to expectations, and throws little new light on the problem. To one who has followed the current discussion of recent years it tells a familiar story.

In "The Spirit of England," by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell (Dutton; $1.75), the author republishes with some revisions a number of papers which have appeared in the *Daily News* during the course of the war. The author, justly inspired by a pedigree which descends from the first Earl of Bedford through eleven direct paternal ancestors, of whom each has served the state in some capacity, has made it his business at this time to "keep the national resolution firm" by these addresses to the people. He draws encouragement from the history of England in former times of trial; he discusses various aspects of the present crisis; he enjoins the virtues that will win the war; and he chides the people for their faults. He is a stanch Liberal, with a great admiration of Gladstone and a low opinion of Tennyson; but if he seems sometimes narrow, he is always manly and wholesome. His contribution to the English cause wins the respect of the reader.

Volume VI of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Writings of John Quincy Adams" (Macmillan; $3.50 net), covering the period from April, 1816, to December, 1819, includes the last months of Adams's service as Minister to England and the beginning of his long and notable career as Secretary of State. The letters from England show him busied with the routine duties of his office, and endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to induce Castlereagh to open to the United States the trade with the British West Indies. Economic distress in England, which at first he thought exaggerated in current reports, increased unmistakably as time went on. The activities of the Holy Alliance did not escape his watchful eye, and he found time to write long letters about this and other aspects of English and Continental politics. An interesting sidelight on the financial difficulties of an American Minister is afforded in a letter of July 12, 1816, to Monroe, then Secretary of State. During the five and a half years of his residence at St. Petersburg, he writes, he had been able to live within his salary and outfit, though not without "a great sacrifice of that consideration which attends the character of a foreign Minister"; but no Minister could do so at London, where a salary fixed twenty-five years before must still suffice notwithstanding that the cost of living had doubled. At the beginning of January, 1817, he heard that he might be appointed Secretary of State. Notice of the appointment reached him in April, and in August, after a passage of fifty days, he arrived at New York. At Washington he plunged at once into the controversies over Amelia Island, the suggestion of British mediation between Spain and the United States, the Arbuthnot-Ambrister affair in Florida, and the negotiation of the treaty of 1819 with Spain. The policy of non-intervention by Europe in the affairs of American States, which later, largely through the influence of Adams, was to be embodied in the Monroe Doctrine, is interestingly foreshadowed in a long letter of June 28, 1818, to George Washington Campbell, American Minister to Russia; and in a brief letter to Richard Rush, Adams's successor in the English mission, in which he inquires "what part you think the British Government will take in regard to the dispute between Spain and her colonies, and in what light they will view an acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies by the United States."

For Arabists, Hefes b. Yasliah is not even a name, and for Talmudists he has been hardly more, although Maimonides himself was indebted to him as halakist and philosopher. So the edition of Dr. B. Halper, of Dropsie College, of the solitary surviving fragment of his "Book of Precepts" brings into more than conjectural light a real personality. The Arabic text is given in the Hebrew characters of the MS. and is followed by a Hebrew translation by the editor, a dubious boon. A transliteration into Arabic characters or a rendering into English would have accomplished much more, especially as the interest of the text for the editor, and probably rightly, is mainly philological. Dr. Halper, indeed, is refreshingly frank in his description of its "translation-Arabic." A jargon he dares to call it, and Arabists, at least, will agree with him.

Volume VIII of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner), containing articles "Life-Mulla," maintains the high standard established in former volumes. The article "Life and Death" details a large number of ideas and customs concerning the present life and preparation for the future. A biological introduction asserts that the conception of life is indefinable, and protests vigorously against the view that life can be explained as a result of physical and chemical action. The suggestion made that what is called "divine jealousy" is merely the expression of a god's desire to maintain moral order is hardly supported by facts, such as the mythical story of the Tower of Babel and the deliberate declaration of Isaiah ii. In the article "Monotheism," there is a careful analysis of the various senses in which the general idea of monotheism has been held by various peoples: for example, the Israelic (God as righteous ruler), the Hellenic (God as the rational order of the world), and the Indic (God as the sole reality in the world). The widely prevalent notion of the necessity of "Mediation" in approaching the Supreme Deity is set forth, with special emphasis on the Christian idea. The question of the relation between "Magic" and Religion is carefully discussed, with recognition of the fact that in some cases the regard for magic rests on some notion of order and law in the phenomena of life.

As a sort of introduction to the examination of particular religions and religious ideas, the "literature" of the subjects in various parts of the world is given in condensed form. The general belief in "Miracles" is described, together with the objections to the possibility of miracles from the modern point of view and the answers that have been given to such objections. The old "Median" religion is mentioned, mainly for the purpose of showing how little is known of it. There is a more definite statement of the part played by the "Magi," especially in their relations with Zoroastrianism, and notice taken of the later dualistic cult represented by "Manichæism," and the short-lived system of "Mazdak." The elaborate study of "Mithraism," following chiefly the investigations of Cumont, is a useful guide to the understanding of this most important faith. The coalescence of Hellenic with Asian mythological conceptions is further illustrated in the article "Mother of the Gods." The vagueness and doubtful utility of Usener's expression "Momentary Gods" are properly pointed out in the article so entitled; but in the same article too much importance is ascribed to Usener's category of "Special Gods." The form of Buddhism ("Mahayana") especially developed in China and Japan is further illustrated by an examination of "The Lotus of the True Law," and by many references in other articles. The complicated "Mandean" religion is described at length by a well-known specialist. The attempt is made to trace the origin of the doctrines of "Mohammedanism"; while full justice is done to Jewish influence, there is perhaps too little prominence given to conceptions derived from Christianity. Further illustrations of Moslem development are given in the histories of "Mecca" and "Medina," and the important figure of the "Mahdi" receives appropriate attention. In

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the lower religions we have a full and interesting study of "Melanesian" customs; the queer mixture of old and new in the beliefs of the "Malay Peninsula" is well described; there is a brief statement of what is held to be the old Tibetan faith; and the ancient "Lithuanian" customs, which are of interest in connection with mediæval European religion, are described from authoritative sources. The figure of "Manitu," which has been greatly misunderstood in connection with the American Indians, and the remarkable savage conception of "Mana" are treated in the light of recent investigations. In the article "May, Midsummer," we have a study of those ceremonies which have been made familiar to English readers by J. G. Frazer. Much curious information is presented in the article "Miracle-Plays, Mysteries, Moralities," with suggestions concerning the origin of the European drama.

There are notices of a large number of Christian sects beginning with "Montanism," "Monarchianism," "Lacedonianism," and in the later period in the articles "Molinism," "Moravians," the Russian "Men of God," and the English "Muggletonianism," and considerable space is given to "Methodism," and to "Modernism." The shrines of "Loreto" and "Lourdes" are temperately described. The popular tradition of the supernatural removal of the former from Nazareth is declared (by the Catholic writer of the article) to be without foundation. The forms of reverence paid to the mother of Jesus are detailed at length in the article "Mary." The long article "Missions" supplies statistics for their extent and influence in the great missionary religions, Buddhist, Christian, Mohammedan, and Zoroastrian. The origin and significance of the Messianic conception is set forth, in the article "Messiah," by a critical examination of Biblical passages that have been supposed to refer thereto, and of the theories of older and later scholars; the hypothesis of mythological origin is held by the writer to be unproved. The next following article, entitled "Messiahs (Pseudo-)," gives a sketch of the pretenders to Messianic dignity who have risen from time to time, down to the end of the eighteenth century, with occasional brief successes, but without lasting influence on Jewish thought. There are many articles on practical ethical points such as "Long-suffering," "Moderation," and "Merit"; and the ethical accompaniments of "Marriage," "Malthusianism," "Metamorphosis," "Lycanthropy" are considered. In the article "Love," one desiderates a more careful examination of the love that men are exhorted to bear to the Deity; the term is sometimes used (in the Bible, for example) where gratitude or obedience is meant, without reference to regard based on God's moral perfection. Among great religious leaders we have excellent notices of Mohammed, Luther, and Loyola. Philosophy is represented by articles on Monism, Mind, Matter, Materialism, Metaphysics, Logic, Logos, with their religious implications, and by studies of Mencius, Lucretius, Marcus Aurelius, Maimonides, Locke, Mendelssohn, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, Lotze, Martineau, and others.

Elie Metchnikoff, Russian scientist and successor to Louis Pasteur as director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, died of heart disease in an apartment at the Institute last Saturday after several months' illness. Born at Kharkoff, Russia, on May 15, 1845, Elie Metchnikoff attended an elementary school in his birthplace. He continued his education at Giessen and Munich, being appointed professor of zoölogy at Odessa in 1870. This post he held until 1882, when he resigned to devote himself to private research into the anatomy of invertebrates. In 1888 Louis Pasteur invited Metchnikoff to become one of his associates. He became director of the Pasteur Institute in 1895 and held the post until his death. Professor Metchnikoff was most popularly known for his researches into the causes of old age. He believed that the principal agent in senile decay was the continuous auto-intoxication of the body through putrefaction of matter in the large intestine, and that the bacteria which caused such putrefaction could be effectively combated by preparations of milk soured by cultures of selected lactic acid bacilli. He was the author of a number of books, including: "The Nature of Man," "Immunity from Infective Diseases," "Prolongation of Human Life," and "Optimistic Essays." In 1908 the Nobel prize for medical research was divided between him and the late Dr. Paul Ehrlich, of Berlin.

Drama

NATURALISTIC DRAMA.

The Mothers. By Georg Hirschfeld. Edited and translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. The Drama League Series of Plays. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cents net.

This play was originally written in 1896. The translation by Professor Lewisohn gives it for the first time to English readers who are unable to read it in the original. It is a great pity that the translator in his desire to preserve the original phrase has frequently played fast and loose with English idiom. It is a little hard to stumble over such lines as these:

"And yet it stirred me up to know that papa is gone." [What is meant is that the speaker was dreadfully upset by the death of her father.] "With his human affection he clings to her." "She must have come with the same train as yourself." "If I run on foot I wouldn't get here any sooner." It is also a little trying constantly to see the pronoun *one* used as the translation of the German *man;* for example, "The least we have a right to expect is a little love, that the children love one a little." But the reader must not be too hard on the translator; the dialogue of Hirschfeld is crabbed in places, even for German.

It is difficult to discover the object of the Drama League in selecting this play for publication. To be sure, it was one of the earliest of the German naturalistic dramas; besides, it has not been unpopular in Germany, having been played off and on now for twenty years—a fairly long life for a play. But the theme is from a prolific family—it is not difficult to recall several of its brothers and cousins. A young man with a temperament finds himself oppressed by the banal life and business his father has chosen for him. He is met and loved by a factory girl, and dreams of an independent artistic career. But he finds work in the surroundings in which she supports him equally smothering. His father dies. He sends a heart-rending appeal to his sister. His mother receives him with joy, opening her heart also to the young woman. But she, this girl of the factories, has come to understand that it is not by means of her love, but through work and study, that the young man can attain to his career, and quietly obliterates herself in the last scene. An enthusiastic critic might label the play the triumph of unselfish love over impetuous and temperamental boyishness. Indeed, the chains of naturalism hang very lightly on this play. Change the girl ever so slightly, make her a little more of a Cinderella, include her in the happy reconciliation, and we should have a sweetly romantic play such as our less sophisticated theatregoers love to honor. Even the editor and translator himself seems to desire an ending more in keeping with our romantic tastes.

But the editor to the contrary, the play is not "one of the memorable dramas of our time." Even in Germany it is not considered the rival of Halbe's "Mother Earth" or "Youth," not to mention Sudermann's "Joy of Living" or "Magda."

It is curious, in the first place, how the minor German drama in its search for serious themes is constantly mistaking for them the sombre. There are few things, it would seem, that the German takes more seriously than his plays, even his comedy must be serious; but he is constantly finding himself bewildered in the vale of idle tears. He forgets that it is as natural to be happy as to be sad; and it is a relief to turn at times to the frequent worldly cynicism of Schnitzler. One wishes that German writers could more frequently take to heart the admonition of Goethe to Eckermann: "All the poets write as if they were ill, and the whole world a lazaretto. They all speak of the woe and the misery of this earth. . . . This is a real abuse of poetry, which was given us to hide the little discords of life."

The reason for this romantic confusion lies, of course, at the heart of the greater confusion that leads astray even the greatest of the followers of naturalism. They attempt to discover what they call truth in life itself—according to the editor of this play, "the meaning of life is—life," and the aim of the naturalistic drama is truth. But there must be no subjective set of values introduced to guide this search. All is fish that comes to the net. Sometimes a true artist, though a disciple of naturalism, will unconsciously avoid the pitfalls of irrelevancy and triviality, as, for example, Tolstoy in his novels, or Max Halbe in "Mother Earth," or Sudermann in "Dame Care." But a lesser man like Hirschfeld, in his "Agnes Jordan," or "At Home," or "The Young Goldner," as well as in "The Mothers," fishes with perfect unconcern. There are pages in the last play

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where the impatient reader waits for the rescue of the thread of the story during a long, melancholic drivel about canaries, coffee, crooked spines, and corsets. It is this childish insouciance of naturalism, this blundering between serious and sombre, between significant and insignificant themes, that so utterly bewilders the reader.

And to say that in this mirroring of life we find truth is to make another grand confusion, the confusion between truth and fact. To study fact alone one need go neither to the trouble nor to the expense of buying seats at a theatre; the newspaper and the streets, and if we require greater thrills, the slums, are opportunities at the fountain-head. Literature, especially in the form of the drama, has since the beginning set itself the task of understanding the welter of life. To say this is no more than to record one's faith that the writer of plays must be something more than a star reporter. Or, as Goethe explained: "The poet should seize the particular, and he should, if there be anything sound in it, thus represent the universal. . . ." Otherwise literature "stands as something of merely particular interest, which must grow old with time."

The enthusiasm with which the Drama League has entered upon its effort to raise the standard of the drama in this country is to be commended most highly. But not a few have felt that in casting about for objects of its approval it has at times been careless with the wreath that belongs to Apollo alone.

Art

In "The Colonial House," by Joseph Everett Chandler (McBride; $2.50 net), we have another of the numerous volumes descriptive of the architectural achievements of the early settlers in this country, and of their wealthier descendants. Too many of these books are very evidently published merely because their illustrations insure them a wide sale, and are undertaken by their authors as mere pot-boilers. The one before us is written with such full knowledge and sympathy as can only be gained by a fully equipped architect who has practiced his profession in an environment of reverence for the traditions the old buildings embody. Mr. Chandler writes interestingly, and with critical discrimination; and the illustrations he gives are peculiarly well chosen and beautifully reproduced.

Improvement of American farmhouses and their fittings might well proceed on lines suggested by the leading article of the "Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art" for 1916 (Lane; $3 net). Under the caption, "Cottage Interiors and Decoration," S. R. Jones urges adapting to modern uses the old style of cottage homes which, "in common with the churches, town halls, and manor houses, recorded habits of life by their visible forms and features." Many elements of this kind of rural architecture belong, presumably, to the British rather than to the American standard of living. Mr. Jones's comprehensive article, nevertheless, with its accompanying pen drawings, which are models of rendering, should win attention at a time when many are dissatisfied with the residences that are bought by mail-order catalogue. We have already movements in Minnesota and Massachusetts towards tasteful and efficient farmhouses. So many rural families are acquiring wealth and social ambition that architects are beginning to find promise of clients in the country. Teachers of domestic science in agricultural colleges and high schools of small towns are grappling with the problems of what Mr. Jones calls the "fitments" of the country home. The Colonial style, modernized, has been proclaimed as offering the best solution of the rural housing situation in the United States. Mr. Jones's monograph conceivably may give some one a new idea. The war has affected the arts in England and on the Continent to such a degree that the year-book as a whole could hardly be expected in all departments to maintain its former standard of text and pictures. An imperial touch is given by articles on the domestic architecture of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand, none of which countries appears as yet to show much of exceptional interest. For a second time Alfred Yockney reviews "Architecture and Decoration in the United States." While the year-book certainly ought to have this feature, one wonders if diligent study of our periodicals dealing with architecture and the fine arts should not yield a more impressive set of illustrations.

Prof. Fiske Kimball, of the department of architecture of the University of Michigan, has published a study of the Virginia State Capitol at Richmond in a brochure on "Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America," which has an importance quite out of proportion to its modest dimensions—forty-eight quarto pages. Prepared as a dissertation for the degree of doctor of philosophy, it differs from most dissertations for that degree in its wide general interest, both historic and architectural. Its value depends in part upon its handling of a large amount of documentary material hitherto little known or unavailable, especially of Jefferson's private and official correspondence and other papers in the possession of the late T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston, the Virginia State Library, and the Library of Congress. Some of these papers had been first studied by Mr. Kimball in the preparation of an article on "Thomas Jefferson as Architect: Monticello and Shadwell," for the *Architectural Quarterly* of Harvard University (June, 1914); and this study had brought to Mr. Kimball's notice Thomas Jefferson's connection with the design of the Richmond State Capitol. The dissertation is the result of the author's further investigation of this interesting subject. It shows the same care and intelligent discrimination in tracing the sequence and relation of drawings and correspondence that characterized the article on Monticello and Shadwell. It apparently clears up the exact share of Clérisseau, the French architect, in the preparation of the design, under whose direction the model now at Richmond was prepared, and traces Jefferson's studies and development of the plan, and his elevations of various modifications of the Maison Carrée type upon which he based the design of the proposed Capitol. The progress of the work, the changes made in execution, the subsequent alterations, and the recent restoration are all set forth, with the documentary evidence for the author's statements and conclusions. Professor Kimball is fully persuaded of the Jeffersonian authorship of the drawings on cross-lined paper which others—among them Mr. Glenn Brown and Mr. Norman Isham—have called in question; and his arguments seem convincing in the absence of new evidence to the contrary stronger than that advanced by his opponents.

The final conclusions of this interesting brochure are that Thomas Jefferson was the real designer of the Richmond Capitol; that Clérisseau was employed by him in France to make (or cause to be made) a model embodying Jefferson's design based on the Maison Carrée at Nîmes; that this was the first example in America of an architectural design avowedly based on a particular monument of classical antiquity; and that Jefferson was therefore the inaugurator of the classical revival in America, as distinguished from the various phases and modifications of classic Palladianism which had previously been in vogue. One may or may not look with favor upon this new path on which American architecture was thus started; but the case presented by Mr. Kimball seems to be well made out. The Richmond Capitol was the first of the long line of Roman and Greek temples built in the United States, especially between 1825 and 1850, of which the Sub-Treasury in New York, Girard College in Philadelphia, and a host of churches, halls, and other public buildings—now rapidly disappearing before the march of progress—were once the admired examples. The dissertation is accompanied by photo-print illustrations of the model and of the various drawings referred to in the text.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Benson, E. F. David Blaize. Doran. $1.35 net.
Lorraine, E. The Neutral Portion. New York: The Jackson Press, Inc. $1.25 net.
Marriott, C. Davenport. Lane. $1.35 net.
Roche, A. S. Loot. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Stacpoole, H. deV. The Gold Trail. Lane. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Abu 'L-Mahasin Ibn Taghri Birdi's Annals, entitled An-Nujum Az-Zahira Fi Muluk Misr Wal-Kahira. Edited by William Popper. Vol. VI, Part 1, No. 2. Berkeley: University of California Press.
Barthou, L. Lamartine, Orateur. Paris, France: Librairie Hachette & Co.
Bigelow, M. A. Sex-Education. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Catalogue of the Magnificent Collection of Americana. From the renowned Library at Britwell Court, Burnham, Bucks. The property of S. R. Christie-Miller. London: Sotherby, Wilkinson & Hodge.
Ferguson, G. O. The Psychology of the Negro. Edited by R. S. Woodworth. New York: The Science Press.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXVII. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Kroeber, A. L. Arapaho Dialects. Berkeley: University of California Press.
Loomis, R. S. Illustrations of Mediæval Romance on Tiles from Chertsey Abbey. Urbana: University of Illinois. 75 cents.
Maeder, A. E. The Dream Problem. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co.
Rosenberg, L. J. Scraps and Bits. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Thureau-Dangin, P. The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century. 2 vols. Dutton. $11 net.

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